WEEK ENDING AUG. 30 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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By
FANNIE HURST

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Also

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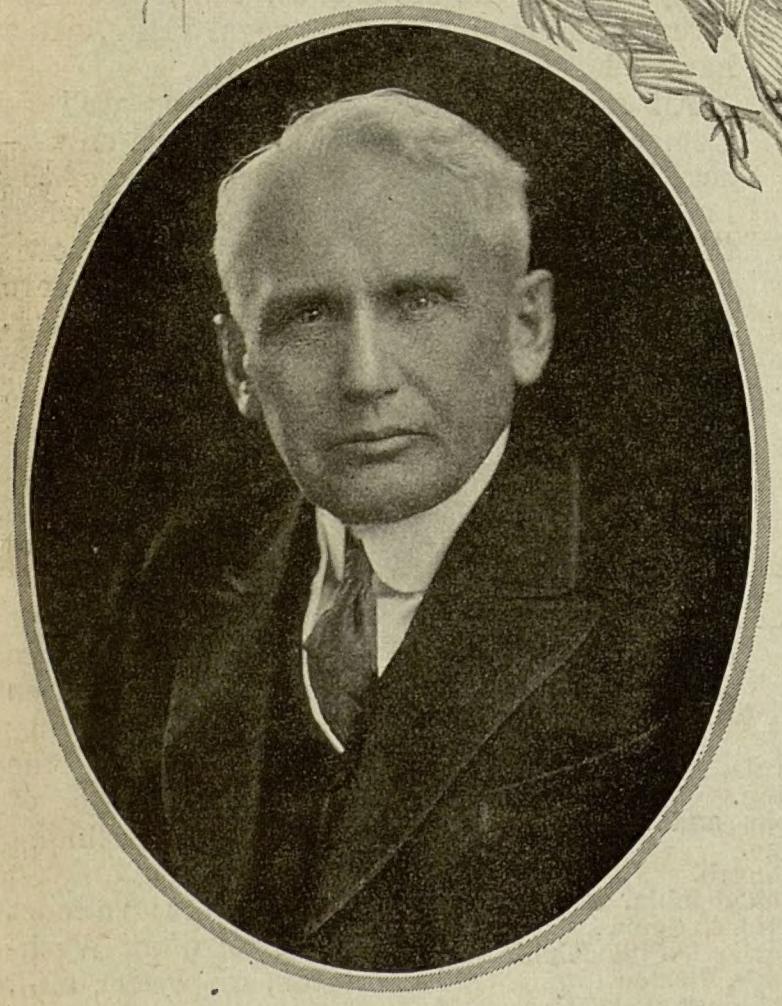
Scrambling to MEET *the* KING



Ambassador Frank B. Kellogg
Harris and Ewing Photo.

By JOHN STEELE

Yes, We Are All Good Americans, But Why Is It That Some Three Hundred of Us, Mostly Women, Struggle Each Year for the Forty Available Presentations to the British Court?

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

WHEN the revolutionary fathers established the American republic in 1783 many short sighted Americans thought that they had given up definite allegiance to the King of England. They were mistaken. It is true that they had cut off all ties with George III. But to a large number of American women a hundred and forty-five years later his descendant and successor, George V., is still "the King."

If you don't believe this, ask the American ambassador to the Court of St. James. Not necessarily the present American ambassador or his predecessor. Just as kany American ambassador for the last quarter century. Each will tell the same story, and it will be a tale of woe. All will agree, at least so far as many rich American women are concerned, that there was some mistake about that Declaration of Independence.

The whole trouble is about presentation at court. For some strange reason it seems to be believed that the fact that an American woman has made her curtsey to George V. and his consort confers on her a social *cachet* in American society. A handshake from the President of the French republic doesn't count so much. Neither does a curtsey to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy or King Albert of Belgium completely fill the bill.

To be absolutely the real thing in American society you must have been one of the hundreds who on certain set occasions every year pass in line before the English monarch and his wife, attired in prescribed dress, and make your bow before the royal pair.

THE overwhelming desire of every American woman who can get the steamship fare and the price of a court dress to do this is the

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excuse for this sad tale of the woes of our ambassadors in London. The only person who can present an American woman at the English court is the American ambassador.

It sounds easy enough. You have a "pull" with a Congressman, or you are third cousin to a Senator, or perhaps when you were a girl you knew the ambassador's wife. Easiest thing, you know! All that's necessary is a note to the ambassador that you want to be presented and the trick is done. If it isn't—well, your cousin, the Senator, or your friend, the Congressman, will see that the ambassador hears about it in due course. Naturally he can't refuse.

It might be just as easy as that if the ambassador could present all America if he chose. But he can't. There are physical limitations to the accommodations even of Buckingham Palace, and, after all, there are a few Englishwomen and colonials who want to be presented, too. Of course, it is absurd that subjects of a monarchy should crowd out the women citizens of a great republic, but these English have funny ideas, and they insist on rationing the number of presentations to avoid overcrowding.

A few years ago a foreign ambassador was allowed to present two of his countrywomen at each court. Sometimes there is one court in a season, sometimes two, three, or four, according to the wishes of the king and queen.

Once notified that she is to be presented at court, the American woman sends a hurry call for the modiste, because the ordinary evening gown will not suffice. The dress must conform to certain requirements, which includes a train of prescribed length. The guest must have a feather headdress.

Women only are presented at these court functions, the men being presented at levees.

TWO presentations at each court seemed to be enough for the representatives of the effete monarchies of Europe, but not for the ambassador of the United States. Under constant pressure from home he has managed in the course of years to secure ten invitations to each court. That means forty in a summer like the present, when there are four courts.

And this year it is rumored that there have been about two hundred and sixty applicants, although the exact number is veiled in deep official mystery. There are, therefore, upward of three hundred American women today who think that there is something radically wrong with the American representation abroad and who have made up their minds that something must be done about it.

The real t r o u b l e seems to be that many American women consider presentation as an inalienable right, like life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It isn't. It is a privilege, conferred on the ambassador by the h o s p i t a b l e English rulers, and h e d g e d about with all sorts of restrictions in addition to that already mentioned—the restriction of the relation of a quart to a pint pot.

The theory of presentation is that an ambassador presents only members of his own household and his personal friends. He is also sometimes allowed, as an additional courtesy within limits, to present other members of the American diplomatic corps and their families. Thus at a recent court Ambassador Kellogg presented the daughter of Ambassador Houghton, from Berlin, and Mrs. Parmelee Herrick, head of the household of the American ambassador in Paris.

Such presentations are not included in the quota. I hasten to say this so that no disappointed applicant may appeal to her Congressman on the ground of favoritism among diplomats.

Then the English court has certain very strict standards. An Englishwoman who is presented must submit her character and record to the most searching investigation by the lord chamberlain, who issues the invitations. If she is not absolutely like Cæsar's wife her name is scratched from the list. The lord chamberlain takes our ambassador's word for the character of the women whose names he presents, but he expects the ambassador to be just as strict as he is himself, and of course it becomes a matter of honor that no one about whom a breath of scandal has ever been breathed shall slip through the sacred portals.

AND there are all sorts of pitfalls. For instance, it is a rule of the English court that no divorced woman shall be presented. At first sight that would seem to exclude many estimable women who had been unfortunate in their marriages. But American and English usage of words in this respect is somewhat different.

In the American language the term "divorced woman" simply means a woman whose marriage has been terminated in a divorce court. It includes both innocent and guilty. In English usage it means a woman whose husband has divorced her; in other words, the unsuccessful defendant in a divorce suit. And let it be remembered that there is only one cause for divorce in England.

One can readily see how this difference in the social code introduces complications which the unhappy ambassador often finds it difficult to explain to the unsuccessful applicant. On the whole, perhaps, it is fortunate for him that he is able truthfully to fall back on the alibi of the quart and the pint pot.

How are the lucky forty selected from the three hundred applicants? Well, that is the ambassador's secret, which I have promised not to reveal. I can say, however, that it has been for years a rule of the American embassy that no application received before the first of the year in which presentation is sought shall be considered. It sleeps peacefully in the files until the day of judgment. This is an elementary measure of protection against a waiting list as long as that of the most exclusive club, where sometimes a father puts up his son on the day of his birth. But it is only a measure of protection.

As the dates set for the courts approach it is said that the embassy is deluged with letters, telegrams, cables, Marconigrams from ships at sea, all demanding presentations at the next court. Common courtesy demands that the ambassador reply by telegram, cable, or Marconigram, and the cost has to come out of his own pocket. The State Department auditors have been very strict in recent years about cable bills which are not incurred strictly on public business.

But this is not the worst. As soon as the inevitable refusals begin to get home the protests begin to come back. The woman who knows a Congressman threatens to find out what an ambassador is for, anyhow, and sometimes she does succeed in making trouble.

NOW our representatives abroad are very nice and very helpful people. They really seem to like doing things for traveling Americans which citizens of other nations would never dream of suggesting to their representatives.

Of course, the ambassador may have a few other little things to do, such as negotiating treaties and looking after real national interests, but he surely can find time to get a person a room. And he does. There is an official at most embassies who works overtime in making hotel reservations, looking up railway timetables, and generally dry nursing traveling Americans who ought to know better.

But we are getting away from this business of presentations. Perhaps the best way out is by way of the state balls, which were revived on account of recent royal visits, after having lapsed during the war.

All sorts of Americans, men as well as women, seem to think that they have only to ask the ambassador to be invited to one of the king's parties. They don't realize that when the king gives a party he invites his own guests and that no ambassador has any more right to invite his countrymen and countrywomen than he has to bid them to any other person's private affair. When it is explained to an ambitious woman that the embassy has nothing to do with such things she wants to know what an ambassador is for, anyhow.

Really, Washington seems to be very remiss in this matter. It must have received thousands of c o m p l a i n t s from Americans who wanted to hobnob with royalty and found that the diplomatic service of this republic couldn't help them.

Why not set up a court of our own at Washington, or, better still, one at each state capital? The cost would soon be saved by keeping at home the money which is now spent in foreign travel.

The suggestion is respectfully presented to Congress and the State Legislatures.

THE END

The Forty Fortunate Women Presented This Year at the Court of St. James:

Mrs. Joseph Leiter, Washington, D. C.
Miss Elizabeth Ottis, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Mary Abernathy, Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Alice Archibald, Paris.
Mrs. Howard Donovan of Illinois.
Miss Natalie Hammond, Washington, D. C.
Miss Constance Deighton Simpson, Los Angeles.
Miss Elizabeth Wallace, Plainfield, N. J.
Miss Mimi Brokaw, New York City.
Miss Helen Crocker of California.
Mrs. Barnstead Davis, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Deming Jarves, Val Fleuri, Dinard, France.
Mrs. John B. Kendrick and Miss Rosamaye Kendrick, wife and daughter of the Senator from Wyoming.
Miss Georgette Medill, Washington, D. C., and St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. George Percy, Boston.
Mrs. Arthur Woods, New York City.
Mrs. James Mitchell, New York City.
Miss Anne Boyd of Georgia.
Miss Sylvia Curtis, Boston.
Mrs. Warren C. Fairbanks and Miss Edith Fairbanks, Chicago.
Miss Sarah Mellon, Pittsburgh.
Miss Rosamond Reed, Philadelphia.
Miss Philip Roberts, Hartford, Conn.
Miss Esther Harrison Rowland, Philadelphia.
Miss Frances Lindon Smith, Boston.
Miss Mary Treadwell, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. William Dana Orcutt, Boston.
Miss Dorothy Sewall, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Reginald Foster, Boston.
Miss Mary Frost, London.
Miss Dorothy Green, Washington, D. C.
Miss Edith Ivins, New York City.
Mrs. Christopher Lafarge, London.
Mrs. George Marye, Washington, D. C.
Miss Frances Marion Miller, New York City.
Miss Hildreth Scott of Virginia.
Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Long Island, N. Y.
Miss Hope Iselin, Long Island, N. Y.

ARE A WOMAN'S SECRETS HER OWN?

By
FANNIE HURST

The woman who reveals to her husband that she drew lots between him and Tom Knight will never rock empires.

A Keen Analyst in Affairs of Romance Has Some Telling Things to Say Here on This Ever-Present Question of Confessions

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

THE double code of morals, or fortunately what there is left of it, presupposes the complete moral segregation of the sexes.

What is sauce for the gander is sass for the goose.

There was a time when they reckoned the male brain as heftier by ounces and therefore superior to the female. That theory has gone out of style along with the flatness of the earth, hansom cabs, and magic lanterns.

Men and women meet today on the same pathological ground. Biology and co-educational institutions have failed to justify the heftier-than-thou brain theory of the male.

Equal rights bills wave. Poets and poetesses are just poets. Side saddle and astride are just astride, and golf skirts and golf knickers just knickers.

A policewoman today would not stop traffic, unless that happened to be her job.

Reluctantly, but none the less surely if slowly, the sexes are burying one hatchet after another. Sex antagonism is fighting for its life.

And now along comes the question, propounded by a pleasant male editor to a not-so-pleasant lady writer, *How much should a woman tell before she is married?*

The question would imply that one hatchet at least still lies unburied and blade up.

The question might more discreetly read: How much of her life before marriage may a woman safely reveal to her husband after marriage? Because, now that Mr. Shaw has let the go-get qualities of the alleged fair sex out of the bag, it is fair to assume that a clever woman will tell just as much before marriage as she thinks her husband may find out.

Let us, then, put it this way: How much of life before marriage may a man or woman safely reveal to one another after marriage?

In the paleozoic days when the double code was still controversial, a man, by man-made unwritten law, was a sorry object indeed if he had had no life before marriage worth revealing after marriage.

A woman was supposed to have had no past.

On that hypothesis many a matrimonial craft has sunk ingloriously.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said: the woman to whom I am married should give just as much of her confidence to me as she considers wise for our mutual well being?

Yes, there breathe hundreds of thousands who demand that part of their flawless heritage shall be the complete, the innermost revelations on the woman's part of all of her life that has gone before.

His own past life is his own. The bones are not to be disinterred nor the dust of the grave of the days that are gone so much as stirred.

Well, it is a wise woman who has her own sealed mausoleum of days that are gone.

The woman who confides to her brunette husband that all her life she has secretly admired blondes and at seventeen had been engaged to one who up and died on her must be careful never to permit herself to fall on a granitoid sidewalk, because her little head is made of bisque.

The woman in her small flat who reveals to her husband that she drew lots between him

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and Tom Knight, who has since made a million in oil and who has remained single, will never rock empires.

It is reasonable to suppose, but never to insist upon being told, that in the years of girlish loveliness and liveliness that preceded your marriage to her, a woman has not lived the emotionally static life of one of those Japanese baby dolls that sit on a cushion and hold a gilt fan.

If she had led that emotionally static life the chances are she would never have acquired you as a husband from whom to withhold so dreary and calamitous a fact.

The quality of mutual restraint between two people is just as important as mutual confidence.

THE woman who tells her husband that at eighteen she had her most perfect love affair, with a young man whose family broke the engagement because she was poor, is taking her husband into her stupid confidence at the expense of wounding him in two vital spots—his vanity and his ego. He is not the first and he is not the best.

Should a woman confide all to her husband after marriage? Yes, a bisque little lady with blue beads for eyes and a vacuum behind them should.

And, strangely enough, the husband who will steer his fair, fat and forty wife suddenly down a side street because he beholds a slender, meticulously preserved blonde over whom he broke many a sophomoric guitar string coming toward them is apt to be just the husband who prefers his wife to have sat with the fan on the cushion all those years before their marriage, and, if not, demands to know the why and why not of every adventure of her prenuptial days.

No one would decry the importance, indeed the beauty of mutual confidence—in the things that matter! It is the corner stone, the keystone, the hearthstone of marriage.

Confidence, but not curiosity. A curiosity that implies *lack* of confidence.

A woman who takes money from her husband for butter and eggs and grade A milk and secretly sends it to a scapegoat brother about whom she has not told her husband may be unhappily torn between two kinds of love, but she is none the less betraying a confidence. She is withholding from her husband something which, as her future life partner, he is entitled to know.

She is unscrupulous.

The woman who keeps silent about Tom Knight and his oil scoop is withholding from her husband something which, for the sake of his peace of mind, his ego, and his pride, he is entitled *not* to know!

International law is founded upon just such diplomacy. What to. And what not to.

The marriage compact is more highly complex than any international compact ever written.

Two universes establishing *entente cordiale.*

Talk of diplomatic relations. Wit, wisdom, finesse and restraint aren't the half of it, dearies, when it comes to maintaining relations (and poor relations) between two universes.

IT is trite to emphasize the fact that every married man and woman owe one another the fullest kind of confidence in all that has to do with the big fundamentals of their partnership.

The woman who enters into contract of marriage with a man and withholds from him any information that may be of his future concern is not square.

A woman who withholds from her husband any inherited tendency toward a disease is a cheat.

A woman who conceals from her husband the fact that she wears a hair switch and was once engaged to a man who played the piano while she recited The Rosary to his music is a diplomat.

How much shall a woman tell of her former life?

It doesn't so much at all depend upon the liver as upon just garden variety common sense.

One of the old oaken, the moss grown situations that clings to the novel and the drama is that of the man or woman who enters into matrimony carrying the carking burden of some dire secret. They are always dire, and they always cark.

The woman who for ten years after her marriage has kept dark the secret that at sixteen she had innocently been led by a villain to the altar! Dear God, how was she to have known until the morning after that the marriage was mock?

One demands back his thirty cents or (too often, for the same fare, his three dollars and thirty cents) or sits in the audience and silently shrieks, "What is it all about?" Why does she not confide to this honest, sterling husband of hers the fact of this grievous step in the dark and spare two acts of postponement?

One invariably expects the husband in act three, after she has sobbed out her confession, not to "wince and go white," but to turn and shout in duet with you in the third row, "Well, what of it?"

Then there is the carking secret of the jailbird father.

Hark, once more the cark!

NO woman with an ounce of regard for the kind of love her husband brings her is going to fear that revelation before marriage. On the contrary, it is apt to whet the sense of the chivalric that still lurks in the genus "average man," and so again in novel and in play you sit back and silently shriek, "Well, what of it? What of it? What of it?"

Well, it is chiefly all about padding out the play so that it will last the usual two hours and twenty minutes, or of stringing out the novel to its ninety thousand words.

In reality it is not a logical nor a sincere situation.

To err is human and to forgive divine, and fortunately those two highly desirable ingredients are component parts of the makeup of most men and women.

The closest human relationship in the world is that between husband and wife. Its very structure rests on mutual confidence. If those timbers are rotten the edifice is doomed.

But there is a difference between confidence and just babbling. The hair switch is babbling. The jailbird father is confidence. The distinction between the two is not a hairline one.

Then, too, there is something unfastidious about the woman who turns her mind upside down as if it were an old handbag she is emptying out on the table. Musty accumulation of things that no longer matter. Old telephone numbers that have lost their meaning. A faded dance card that you have kept merely for the memorandum pencil, but which, the chances are, can wound husband's highly susceptible ego. The address of a hairdresser with a name like a movie star. A faded forget-me-not that you filched from a florist's counter to match up some silk with.

Well, spilling out mental oddments and endments of facts that no longer matter is apt to appear mussy like that, and nine times out of ten be misinterpreted.

WHAT woman in the world is going to confess to a husband who loves her for her common sense that the very summer before they met she was writing verses to the eyebrows of the six foot life-saver at Sealneck Beach?

What husband has a right to that information?

It is on a par with the rusty old uniform button that fell out of the upside down handbag. Irrelevant.

Never fear but what the average husband, good, loyal, plodding, devoted spouse that he is, has burned his bridges and his verses behind him. That is, unless the wife has forced her way into his mental reservation.

He is wise enough to keep his mouth shut when that aperture is better so.

Doubtless more marriages have been imperiled by the unnecessary revelation of trivial circumstances than by the necessary revelations of vital ones.

Jealousy for the first time may lift its head when a woman begins to brag to her husband of that millionaire from Calgary who begged her to elope with him the very night she announced her engagement to her spouse. Chances are, if she is that kind of woman, husband's retort will read something like this:

"Well, I wishta thunder you had asked *my* advice. I'd have helped you make the rope ladder."

That may be husband's retort, but something pretty precious in him has curled up and died. His pleasant delusion that he was the only and the first. . . .

Ha-ha! Jealousy is born. If he was the second, there was a first and there can be a third. . . . In his eyes all men become potential millionaires from Calgary.

How much should a woman reveal?

Certainly not enough to transform all men into potential millionaires from Calgary.

CURIOUS how relatively few women know the secret or the smile, so beloved of men, that Da Vinci painted on the lips of Mona Lisa. The subtle secret of mental reserve; of spiritual reserve; even of emotional reserve—all these lurk behind the wisest smile in the world.

The greatest evidence of confidence between married people is that they shall have too much trust in one another to be guilty of curiosity.

Mutual confidence is the rose, and curiosity the canker in the rose.

THE END

Secrets About Secrets

Fannie Hurst says:

It is a wise woman who has her own sealed mausoleum of days that are gone.

The quality of mutual restraint between two people is just as important as mutual confidences.

There is a difference between confidence and just babbling. The hair switch is babbling. The jailbird father is confidence.

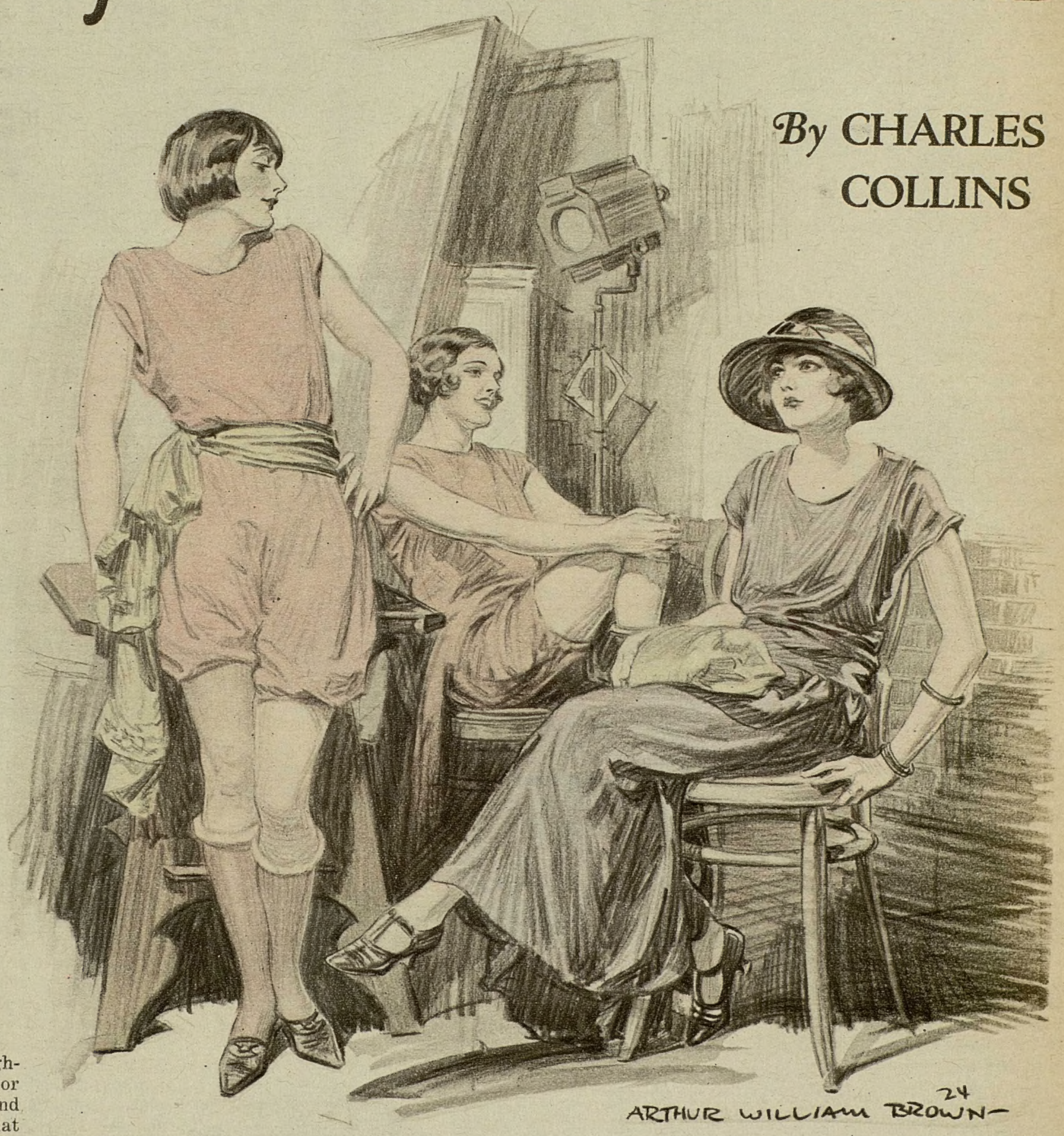
Mutual confidence is the rose, and curiosity the canker in the rose.

ONE *of our* DAUGHTERS

A Powerful Short Story of the Lure of the Stage, and of a Small Town Girl Who Was Willing to Barter Her Soul

By CHARLES COLLINS

Pictures by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"'Tisn't your legs exactly, dearie. They're all right. It's the way you use them. You don't seem to be able to make them intriguing."

SHE is one of our daughters—yours or mine, or the other folks' around the corner. She is somewhat strange and incomprehensible to us, because her childhood and adolescence have sunned themselves under influences which ours were spared or denied. She has been educated by a world that was swiftly changing itself while we were too busy earning her shoes or darning her stockings to pay much attention to what was going on.

We have heard much of those changes; we ourselves have been altered by them; and yet we do not understand them. We merely look on and wonder meekly at their symptoms. It was the war, we sometimes say, forgetting that it began long before the war. It began when women decided they were tired of being nothing but ladies.

Well, no more of that; it is an extensive subject, much too vast to be discussed in relation to this insignificant girl-child of ours. She is a young woman now; she has come to the age of twenty years. Like most of her sisters, she seeks her experiment with the new freedom of her sex. She conceives that adventure in its most gaudy and anti-domestic form.

Her case is typical: a blind, instinctive turning toward the place where the lights are brightest, dresses gayest, admiration warmest. A biologist might call it a tropism; a psychologist could say it was a suppressed desire. Let us study this yearning in this bold, bob-haired, dance-crazy piece of pretty protoplasm and see what becomes of it and of her.

ANNIE JOHNSON was not exactly the belle of our town, but she was blonde and blooming; she had a glad, giggling animation; and her undulations in the dance were attractively primitive. Consequently she had many boy friends. The old deaconesses would have called her "brazen" if they had not learned that all of Annie's generation, including their own offspring, could be similarly described. So they refrained from placing a taboo upon Annie, as they would have done twenty years ago.

Annie worked at a typewriting machine in the railroad office. This place of employment is of importance in the community, for our town is division headquarters on a line which has a metropolis at either end; and many of our first citizens hold titled jobs in its bureaucracy. Her home was in a lawn-bordered, tree-shaded old frame house in the second best residence district. Her father had graduated from the composing room to the editor's chair of the weakest of our three newspapers. He was part owner, too, and if he succeeded in getting the county's public printing job about every third year he didn't worry about the rent, the

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price of gasoline, and his life insurance premiums. But politics frequently betrayed him. Mrs. Johnson was an old fashioned mother-of-all-work, and ever since the children came (there were two younger than Annie) she had submerged herself in the kitchen, the laundry, and the sewing room.

When Annie appeared as the fairy princess in a Christmas entertainment staged by the women's club her destiny was made clear to her. The neighbors had been vociferous with approval. Her mother had told her she looked prettier than Mary Pickford. Her father had put a notice in his paper which dwelt upon her "beauty and talent," and the boy friends had thickened under her feet like clusters of young seals.

Soon after that Annie began to confide to the entire adolescent population of the town that she intended to go on the stage.

"I'll take up the drama first," she declared. "The movies will come afterward."

During the next six months Annie chattered about her ambition at random and sought advice haphazard. She talked herself into a firm faith in her call to the footlights. She saw her future in a radiance of lovely gowns, costly jewels, rose bearing suitors, and romantic travel.

Annie Johnson was not exactly the belle of our town, but she was blonde and blooming.

In imagination she read dazzling newspaper accounts of her achievements, spangled with flattering adjectives; and then, discovering that the name of Annie Johnson was a little incongruous in these brilliant flights of rhetoric, she sought a more suitable appellation. After careful consideration she decided that the world should know her as Neva Neville, and as the first step in becoming this glorious creature she persuaded the inky apprentice in her father's composing room—one of her most abject slaves—to print a few cards bearing that name. These she secreted, pending her metamorphosis.

Annie's investigations of ways and means to realize her ambition brought out one point as all important. To go on the stage one must go to New York: that was inevitable. To swim, the duckling must take to the pond; to fly, the bird must launch itself out of the nest; and, to act, a girl must go where plays are manufactured. So Annie began to rebel against the provincialism of her environment, to resent the simple hearted routine of her town, her home, and her job, and to yearn toward the magnificent opportunities of the metropolis.

But even the going to New York was not enough, Annie decided. When she got there she ought to have a benign influence working for her, to open the gates of enchantment and make her welcome in the charmed circle of stage celebrities. Or, as she phrased it, she would have to have a "pull."

"I'm going to wait until I can get started right," she informed the girl at the desk next to hers in the railroad office. "You can't do much on the stage unless you have some kind of a pull. I don't want to begin as a chorus girl."

Mr. Johnson listened to Annie's babble on this subject with few words and a dubious expression. He didn't seem to think much of the idea.

"They're not much good, those show fellows," her father opined. "I'd hate to think of my daughter traipsing around the country with any of the ones I've met up with."

MRS. JOHNSON was resigned to her fate as soon as she learned of Annie's determination to go forth and conquer the audiences of the world. She was a repressed and timid woman to whom her eldest daughter had always been a stubborn and cantankerous mystery. Annie had always managed to have her own way about everything, and if she wanted to go on the stage nothing could stop her. That was Mrs. Johnson's feeling in the matter. Besides, the economic aspect of the plan was appealing.

"Think of the money actresses make, ma!" the optimistic and affectionate Annie would exclaim. "You can have all the new clothes you want after I make my hit; and you can come and visit me in my New York apartment, too. We might even go to Europe together in the summer!"

Mrs. Johnson hadn't had much in her life except her honeymoon trip to gratify the feminine desire for hotel life and sleeping car journeys. Besides, she was sorely in need of a new black silk dress for Sundays. These arguments, therefore, were appealing to her.

But she had long, troubled thoughts and drew longer faces over the moral dangers of Annie's contemplated scheme of life. The stage, to her, meant bad company and deplorable conduct. Annie would walk in the way of the wicked, her ewe lamb would be thrown among the wolves. But, she argued against these doubts, there must be good actresses as well as bad; and Annie was a good girl. She would have faith in her.

Mrs. Johnson, however, wrestled mightily with Annie's future in prayer, and had many earnest talks with her daughter about the temptations and dangers she would encounter. Annie scoffed at these old fashioned ideas and assured her mother that she knew how to take care of herself.

"Remember, ma," she boasted, "this is the Twentieth Century. Girls aren't idiots any more."

THAT summer one of our town's successful sons returned from the outer world where, according to report, he had flourished greatly. He came back to grace the wedding of a favorite niece. It was his first visit in five years, and the news of his arrival caused a flutter in the lodge rooms and sewing circles. Those of us who had not thought much of him fifteen years before, when he used to meet all trains to gather local items for the *Clarion*, were eager to renew the acquaintance; and the rising generation, which had heard of his achievements, was anxious to meet a man of its own background who had made good in New York.

When Annie Johnson read the news, embellished with a cut, on the first page of the *Clarion*, she felt that her destiny was coming to meet her. Here was the "pull" she had been praying for. This was the man. For John Howard Trumbull wrote for a New York newspaper and signed his articles. He had pieces in the magazines, too—Annie had read some of them. He had had a book published and a play acted. As a "pull" he was made to order for her, if she could arouse his interest. Since he was a bachelor, and not a very old one, she was sure that could be done easily enough.

Our town found John Howard Trumbull rather unsatisfying as a celebrity. To begin with, he didn't look prosperous enough—many of our regular citizens were nattier dressers. The boys who interviewed him for the local papers reported unofficially that he didn't have much to say and didn't seem to appreciate the value of publicity. He could hardly escape a Rotary Club luncheon, but when he was called on to speak he got stage fright and behaved like a dumb-bell. Any one of our rising young merchants could have made a snappier talk.

The eminent Mr. Trumbull, a quiet, youngish looking middle aged man in spectacles, was, it seemed, a tough case for Annie Johnson to work upon. She didn't meet him at the wedding of the Trumbull niece, for the very good

reason that she wasn't invited to that modest affair. She went to the Saturday night dances at the country club, looking her prettiest, but failed to find him among the revelers. But she persevered. She took her two weeks' vacation during his stay, which wasn't much longer than that, and spent it at home in order not to miss any opportunities.

"Give me one chance and I'll vamp him yet, if he's human," she confided to her best girl chum.

Eventually Annie met Mr. Trumbull almost by force. One afternoon her eye was caught by a display of enterprise on the part of our leading druggist. He was up to date, that druggist.

On the strength of John Howard Trumbull's return to every well loved spot his infancy knew, an authentic author, this reckless pharmacist had expanded his book department by ordering fifty copies of Mr. Trumbull's only published work—a volume of Manhattan musings collected from his newspaper and magazine articles under the title of Through the Fourth Wall. There they were—all fifty of the books—smartly arranged, for the druggist had taken a correspondence course in window dressing. No, all forty-nine; one had been sold. Mr. Trumbull's sister had been the purchaser.

Annie stood and gazed for half a minute, and then dashed into the store, transformed into a book buyer.

"Don't bother about wrapping it up," said Annie as she made her purchase. She cuddled the book to her breast with the title in full view, and considered herself marked as an intellectual. But, to give the impression that the acquisition of Through the Fourth Wall was a casual and unimportant detail in her day's activities, she lingered for a few minutes of vivacious small talk with the drug clerk, who was a prominent member of her dancing staff. And as she chatted her destiny struck the hour.

FOR John Howard Trumbull himself strolled into the store, dragging a dejected journalistic cane behind him. Seeing the clerk occupied with a pretty girl and having no hopes of young pharmacists when caught in that situation, he began to browse about in the furtive manner with which the anti-Volstead male edges his way toward the prescription counter.

Annie had an inspiration as soon as she saw him.

He almost turned purple with glee when she offered to read a scene from Romeo and Juliet for him.

"Billy, lend me your fountain pen!" she commanded in low, firm tones, like a hunter speaking to his gun bearer when the lion is sighted.

Thus armed, Annie charged, and a few seconds later Mr. Trumbull was making the sheepish surrender of an author called upon to autograph his maiden work.

"And I hope you won't mind making it to me personally," cooed the young woman. "That would be just too wonderful!—my name is Annie Johnson."

Mr. Trumbull was quite willing to admit on the fly leaf of his first book that he already knew this strange Miss Johnson well enough to sign himself "yours cordially," for in the giving and taking of autographs intimacies grow like the enchanted plants of Hindu fakirs. As he returned the book—now an "association item" as well as a first edition—he felt that rash impulse toward conversation-making which a pair of admiring blue eyes often induce in an author. He surprised Annie greatly by saying:

"Are you Elmer Johnson's daughter?"

"Do you know my father?" she gasped.

"Well, of all things! And for weeks I've been dying to——" She left this confessional sentence hanging in the air.

"I remember him well," Trumbull told her. "He was in charge of the composing room when I worked on the *Clarion*."

"I must have been in rompers then," giggled Annie.

After which there was little hope for Mr. Trumbull. Annie's skillful observance of the etiquette of our town compelled him to walk down the street with her for several blocks. When their ways parted they were almost like old friends.

From that moment Annie's scheme of going on the stage under benign and powerful influences worked itself out like the campaign of a chess master. There was, however, one move on the board of which she was unaware.

ABOUT a week later John Howard Trumbull dropped into the shabby office where Annie's father kept tab on the static circulation and uncertain advertising of the *Clarion*. He came professing a sentimental fondness for

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the printer's ink of his youth, and Elmer Johnson was flattered by the call. They talked together as one newspaper man to another, and a certain bottle that had been ambushed in a letter file aided the warmth of the occasion. Finally Trumbull came to the point of his errand.

"That pretty daughter of yours tells me she intends to go on the stage," Trumbull remarked casually.

"Yes, she seems dead set on it," Mr. Johnson admitted.

"She has asked me to give her some letters of introduction to managers in New York. What do you think of the idea?"

"Well, we'll sure hate to lose Annie," the stoic father answered, "but mother and I have decided not to stand in her way. And if you can help her, Johnny, we'd be much obliged—I suppose lots of decent girls go on the stage and stay decent?"

John Howard Trumbull supposed so, too, without enthusiasm. One would have thought that the relation of virginity to the art of acting bored him.

"Do you think she can make good?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," Mr. Trumbull declared. "Thousands of girls like Annie try it every year. Some of them take to it like ducks to water, and some like flies to flypaper. It's like our own game. It's hard to tell whether it's in the blood or not until you take the plunge. I'll admit that I am a pessimist about the small town girl who bolts to New York with the idea of becoming an actress over night. I believe players should be a special caste, breeding among themselves and hatching their successors out under the glow of the footlights. That would save a lot of heartbreaks for the old folks at home. Well, I'll give her a couple of letters. They won't be worth much, but at least they'll get her past the managers' office boys."

So saying, Mr. Trumbull went his way, groaning inwardly over his weakness of character. He had lent his mild auspices to forty-nine other Annies without notable success and he had sworn that he would never do it again, except in cases of starvation or manifest genius. If Annie's father had only displayed the conventional ire of the stern, puritan parent, as he had hoped!

Mr. Trumbull went home and let two neat letters trickle out of his fountain pen—one to the manager who had put on his play and the other to the impresario whose works could be praised with the least strain of conscience. These he mailed to Annie without comment. He did not even add his New York address and a line inviting Annie to look him up. But he knew she would.

Then he began to pack his trunk. The place might be full of potential actresses eager to become his protégées. It was time to start back to town.

"See here," Annie-Neva cried. "I'll pay!" "You'll do what?" "I'll pay. I'll pay. I'll pay the usual price!"

ANNIE went to New York in August with a trunkful of new dresses, in which her savings had been invested, a purse of three hundred dollars contributed by her parents (who also promised remittances when needed), and the two letters that were to be her open sesame to fame and fortune. She cried a little as she said good-by, and reiterated the vows of decorous behavior that her mother, in one last intimate and embarrassing interview, had exacted of her.

Thus Annie Johnson gave up her lively little part in the monotonous contentment of our town, and Neva Neville became a supernumerary among the gay despairs of Manhattan.

Annie made a flying start. She became an actress, or began to call herself one, within three weeks after she struck Broadway. The manager who had put on Trumbull's play (and lost money by it) proved to be a kindly, fat old man with an affectionate pseudo-paternal attitude toward pretty novices. He kept a score of jaunty and ornate men and women, all prominent in the profession, waiting in his outer office while he chatted for half an hour with this fresh and loquacious recruit. Although Annie didn't think she was saying anything clever, he often laughed so loud that the windows rattled. He almost turned purple with glee when she offered to read a scene from Romeo and Juliet for him.

"Never mind," he chuckled. "You needn't speak a piece. I'll take a chance on you. It happens that I am casting a play this week, and there's a maid's part in it that will do to start you off on your career. I'll give you a note to the stage director. Rehearsals begin next Monday."

Annie was thrilled from her invisible ears to her discernible ankles. This was too good to be true—but it proved what a "pull" could do, just the same.

As the manager was dictating a few lines to

his secretary, she leaned forward pleadingly:

"O, if you please, Mr. Bailey, don't call me Annie Johnson. My stage name is Neva Neville."

"All right, Annie—I mean Neva," he grinned. "We'll keep your secret."

After asking copious questions about where to go with the note, what to do when she got there, who else was going to be in the company, how many costumes she would have, and other technical matters, Annie thanked him and started away. He called her back as she was at the door.

"By the way, Annie—or Neva—we have forgotten something. What's your salary?"

"Why—why—whatever you think I ought to get, I suppose."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the rubicund Mr. Bailey. "I'm learning to love you, darling. But you will never say anything like that again. Six months hence you will be asking me for six times as much money as you are worth. We'll put you on the pay roll for seventy-five a week. I'll send you a contract to sign."

Annie flew out feeling that her fortune was made. When she reached the sidewalk, Broadway looked like fairyland to her.

The education of Neva Neville progressed rapidly in all departments of what an actress should know—except how to act. She opened doors and pushed a tea cart about in Mr. Bailey's new play for six weeks—two out of town and four on Broadway—after which the nice little comedy was sent to the graveyard. But those six weeks enabled her to form furious friendships with the other women in the company, from whom she absorbed a complete line of professional gossip.

She had an almost serious flirtation with one of the young men in the cast; acquired several new boy friends of the sort that squirm among the fringes of the theater; and enjoyed an unencouraged crush on the tailor-made star.

THESE contacts launched her in the life of Broadway as intersected by the Forties. Her circle of acquaintances expanded, eddied, and shifted, in the seethe and ferment of that part of the Manhattan pageant which talks, eats and sleeps little else beside theaters. She learned to know the famous personalities of the moment by name and face, and could call the roll of the regular first nighters. She could talk shop with the veterans. She had more opinions about acting than a dramatic critic, and pretended to know as much about the show business as any manager.

Her education included and was perfected by a knowledge of the sex life of her chosen profession. She had the who's who of it at the tip of her tongue, and could recite the full litany of the Thespian Venus. Who was in love with whom; who was keeping whom in sybaritic luxury; who was So-and-So's new sweetie; when What's-Her-Name was going to file suit for divorce, whom she would name as corespondent, and what the detectives saw when they broke open the door of that apartment on Fifty-second Street—there was hardly anyone who could be more illuminating and amusing on these subjects than our young Miss Neville, née Johnson. She was especially precise upon the amorous predilections of the managers—and O, if she should tell all she knew about that old rogue, Mr. Bailey!

She progressed in sophistication, but not otherwise. The amiable Mr. Bailey didn't have a part for her in his next production, although she used her best wiles upon him. She called at his office regularly, hoping that something would turn up, and found him always jovial, but vague as to prospects. One afternoon she emerged from Mr. Bailey's inner shrine somewhat agitated, and told everyone she met during the next few days that the old beast had tried to kiss her.

ANNIE made the rounds of the managers' and agents' offices with admirable diligence. She used her second letter of introduction in vain, finding that manager an aloof and portentous personage to whom John Howard Trumbull seemed to mean very little and who took her name and address with a frigid and faithless promise that he would let her know whenever he might be able to use her.

She consulted Trumbull by telephone on slightest provocation, and once in awhile was invited out to dinner by that tired journalist, who listened to her effusive comment on Broadway life with patience and interpreted some of its enigmas to her with tolerant cynicism. But when she wanted more letters of introduction Trumbull evaded her.

"You've been given a flying start," he told her, "and now it's up to you to keep on going. You seem to know your way about ex-

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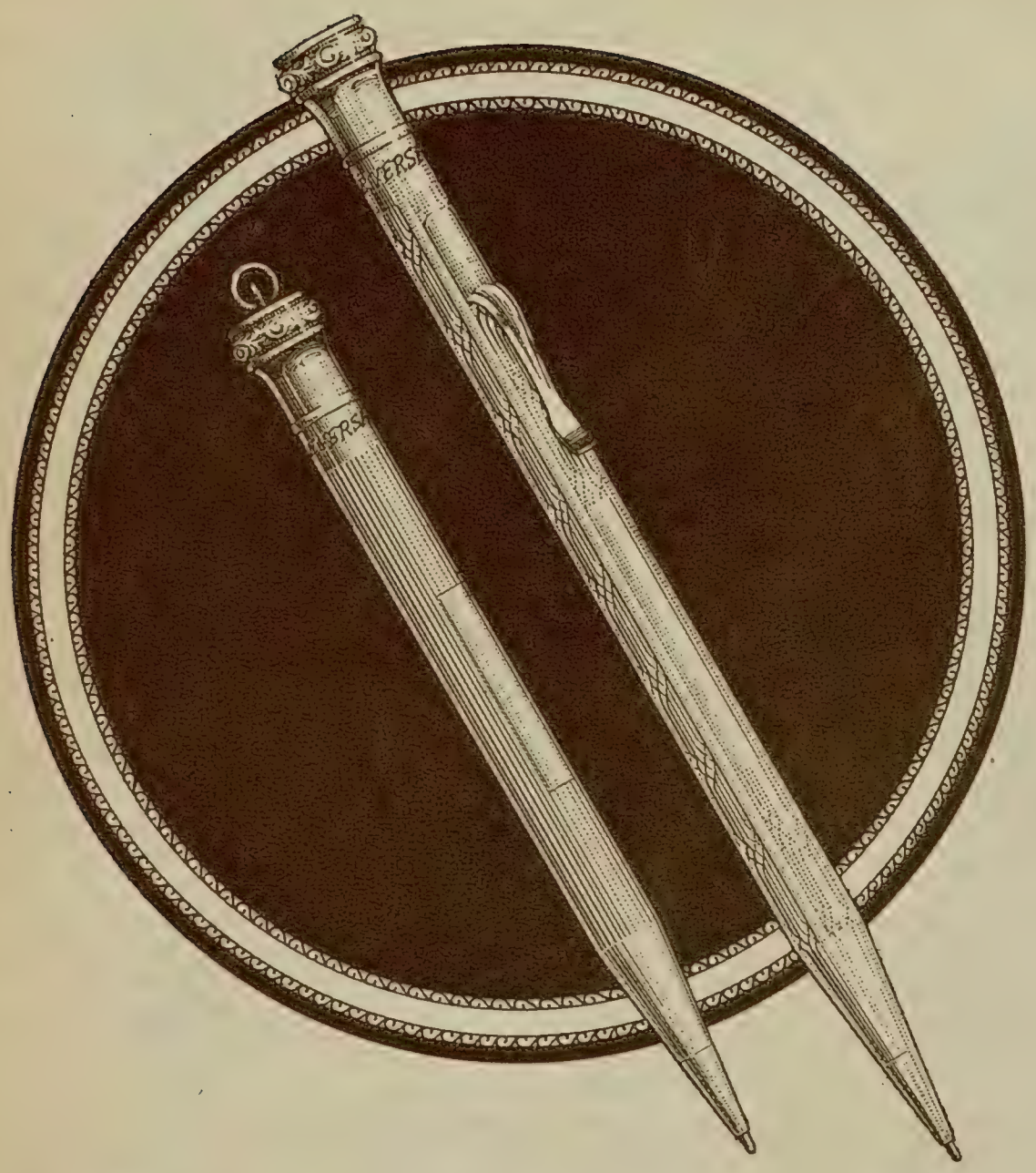

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tremely well. Carrying around letters from newspaper men is a mark of the amateur, anyway. In an emergency, if a word from me will help you to get or keep a part, I'll come across. In the meantime, plug away on your own. Everybody else is doing it."

"O, no, they're not," Annie-Neva asserted knowingly. "To break into this business and make a success of it, a girl has got to have a backer of some kind or other, it seems. If I were willing to go out with every senile old fool ——" And she flounced an indignant protest of her virtue.

"This business, as you call it," said Trumbull indifferently, "has got to be learned. It's like every other business on that point, anyway. And it isn't exactly founded upon loose morals."

"I've heard different," she retorted mockingly.

The months marched on, and Annie-Neva, an actress who had once appeared in a Broadway cast, went rushing about like a good girl trying to get along, bulging with ambition. Weekly remittances from home kept her comfortably housed and well dressed after her original fund was exhausted. She tried the motion picture studios, but there was something about her face which didn't seem to agree with the cinematographic camera.

She curbed her hunger for a fat salary and investigated the semi-professional "art theaters," but she didn't fit into any of the groups of yearners who express themselves in that manner. She decided to humiliate herself by going into vaudeville, in a dramatic sketch, of course, if she could find one that needed her. But she didn't.

At last she concluded that she would begin at the beginning, and condescend to offer herself as a chorus girl in a famous revue, to appear in which was almost a guarantee of fame as a beauty and ultimate marriage to a millionaire's weak minded son. Here she almost succeeded. She was one of the fifty girls chosen from among hundreds of applicants as likely material. But in rehearsals she was weeded out because her legs didn't p l e a s e the stage director.

This was a cruel blow to Annie-Neva. She had always had faith in her legs. So she wept as she packed up her middy blouse and bloomers, and refused to be consoled by a sympathetic sister of the chorus, who told her:

"'Tisn't your legs e x a c t l y, dearie. They're all right. It's the way you use them. You don't seem to be able to make them intriguing. But that stage director's a nut, anyway. He thinks he invents a new type of girl every season—and a new shape of girl, too. Maybe you'll come into style next year. An' maybe all you need is some dancing lessons."

"He tried to get fresh with me," sobbed Annie. "That's the reason. And I wouldn't stand for it."

MEANTIME Annie-Neva had been building up a reputation among her friends and acquaintances. She had a talent that was winning recognition—a talent for getting insulted by men with sinister designs upon her. She had lost more jobs, it seemed, because she would not permit managers, stars, authors, booking agents, press representatives and box office boys to "get fresh" with her than any other girl on Broadway.

In her babble of shop talk the men with whom she came into professional contact were always "getting f r e s h." Or "getting funny." It meant the same thing. And she was always "walking out on them." She harped proudly on the theme. When she was not talking about her own experiences with the lecherous inclinations of the satraps of the show business she was recounting similar experiences other girls had confided to her.

This note ran through her conversation so persistently that a phrase maker of the lobbies and cafés described her as "the kid with the complex." The characterization clung to her like a label, although she, of course, was the last one to hear of it.

One morning she discovered, from a newspaper paragraph, that the senile Mr. Bailey was planning to bring out a new play by that well known columnist, John Howard Trumbull. Her heart leaped up as this bit of news flashed into her attention. So did her body, straight out of bed, in which she had been enjoying an actress' eleven o'clock breakfast.

She thought it was strange that Mr. Trumbull hadn't kept her informed of his literary labors and hadn't sent her word of the acceptance of his play. But she forgave him for his reticence, because she knew that Mr. Trumbull was not the kind of author that boasted prematurely about his masterpieces.

She hurried to Mr. Bailey's office, confident that luck had come her way at last. She found the old gentleman as affable as ever, but not in a kissing mood that morning.

"Yes, there's a part in it that you might handle," he admitted. "A fresh stenog. You might be the type, Neva. But you'll have to see Trumbull about it. He's casting the play. If he says he wants you, it's all right with me. Go talk to your friend, the author."

So she flew in that direction.

"Here is a copy of the manuscript," said Trumbull abruptly, for Annie-Neva had invaded his office and interrupted him in the

throes of his column. "Take it home and read it. And here's the part of the stenographer. It's short, you see. Study it. Come to my apartment tomorrow night, about eight-thirty, and let me see what you can do with it."

ANNIE was now certain that she had become an actress. She was to visit a bachelor dramatist in his rooms by night—how adventurous!—and read a part for him. What could be more professional and thrilling?

She came to the rendezvous in her best dress and her party complexion. Trumbull moved chairs about to indicate exits and stage furniture, and read from the "book" the scenes in which the stenographer appeared, giving instructions in a directorish manner. Neva Neville, when warned of her cues, played that part in what she considered a manner worthy of Mrs. Fiske. Her memory never failed her and she wasn't a bit nervous. When she had finished she expected applause, or congratulations, at any rate.

But Trumbull merely said, "Let's go over it again."

They went through the part three times, and then Trumbull told her:

"We'll try it again tomorrow night. Now that you know the lines, try to interpret the character. Remember that this girl is an average, half educated, half vulgar, quick witted little gum chewer who works in an office, and that her line of talk is supposed to be funny. I am not sure that it is, but anyway it's a chance for comedy in a play that needs every laugh it can get. . . . Pick something out of your trunk that you think this girl might wear during business hours.

"O, yes, another thing. You might go downtown tomorrow morning and walk into some big office or other. You can pretend an errand. Say you've come to complain about the telephone service or are looking for a job. Or visit one of your young men friends who sells stocks and bonds. Anything. Look for a type among the girls you see there, and study her a little. Listen to her gabble, if possible. In other words, study the part for all it is worth."

Neva Neville devoted herself assiduously to her art the next day, but she canceled the field expedition in search of a type. She was sure she knew enough about stenographers, having been one herself. She couldn't find any old clothes in her wardrobe, but she did her best to achieve an appearance of chaste and efficient simplicity.

When Trumbull looked her over the next night and heard her explanation about the clothes, he said:

"All right. This is not a dress rehearsal, anyway. I just wanted to get an idea of how you would look. We'll pretend that the girl has a date to go golfing with her boss at his best country club. Maybe they do, nowadays. I'm not quite modern in my study of the species."

They went over the part again, and again, and again. Annie-Neva felt that every time in every line she was getting better and better.

WHEN they stopped, Trumbull thought that a drink might be in order, and Annie-Neva was willing to join him. This ceremony over, and the chairs of rehearsal put back where they belonged, Trumbull dropped himself into an easy chair, lit a pipe, and passed into a meditative silence.

"When do we open?" asked Annie, from the davenport.

"The play will have its out-of-town tryout in about six weeks, Bailey says. After that, who knows? But——"

It, was an ominous "but," and the pause that followed was oppressive.

"But," he began again, "I'm sorry to say that I can't let you have the part."

Annie stared at him in amazement. It was such a little part.

"Why not?" she quavered.

"I don't think you can play it," he answered. "Not well enough to help the piece. It needs laughs, as I said before. You wouldn't get them."

"But with regular stage direction——" she protested.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's final, Annie."

She flared up at him with:

"I'll bet Mr. Bailey would let me play it!"

"Possibly. Bailey is an amiable old fellow with a soft spot in his heart—or his head—for pretty young girls. And he is also a rotten caster. But it's in our contract that I shall pick the cast for this play, which is weak enough to need all the acting it can get."

"I'll say it is!" Annie jeered.

"And I can't afford to take a chance on an amateur, merely because she happens to come from my home town."

She caught him up on his "merely because."

"Of course not," she replied bluntly, with some irony. "But if I were your mistress you'd give it to me fast enough, and say I was great in it, too."

"I wonder!" Trumbull mused complacently. "I wonder if I'm that kind of a sap."

"O, you all are," she declared, letting her complex have its fling. "I'll bet that out of the four women parts in that play one of them goes to a girl with whom you've had your little affair."

Trumbull laughed at her.

"You've learned a lot from Broadway, I see. But why one? Why not all of them? Let's be as ridiculous as possible, Annie."

SHE felt that in another minute she would begin to cry, and fought it off silently. Then she poured herself another drink of Trumbull's whisky, gulped it down, and nervously lit a cigaret.

"Sorry," said Trumbull again, lamely.

"O, never mind. It's a perfectly good party, anyway," she replied with a hysterical giggle, and settled herself down on the davenport as if determined to stay for awhile.

Trumbull followed her example at the decanter, and then began to make small talk. She did not listen.

"See here," she cried. "I'll pay!"

"You'll do what?"

"I'll pay. I'll pay. I'll pay the usual price!"

"That sounds like a motion picture caption," he observed, wondering at the pale little face with the wet eyes which glared at him. "You're not getting drunk, I hope?"

For answer she was up like a shot and out of the room—into the curtained-off alcove from which she made her entrances during the rehearsal, and where the lights were still burning. He heard her moving about in there for awhile; then heard the light switch clicked off; then heard nothing at all.

After a brief puzzlement which came to a decision that this was merely an attempt to isolate a forgivable spasm of tears, he parted the curtains, turned up the lights, and looked. He found her curled up in his bed with her face hidden in the nook of a naked arm.

He noted a pair of slippers on the floor, and a dress tossed over the back of a chair. Then he dropped the curtains with an amazed grin, went to his desk, and began to rattle a typewriter with much zeal.

Curious fellows, these authors.

An hour later Annie, rising to dress herself, found a note tucked in one of her slippers.

"This is a letter from Joseph to Potiphar's daughter," it read. "First of all, thank you for the opportunity. And also for the situation. It's immense. I'll use it in my next play. Now for the torture scene:

"Annie, you can't act. You're hopeless. You haven't got anything to give the theater, and yet you come to it utterly unprepared, under the delusion that you can gratify your vanity (which is your only call to the stage) merely by the asking.

"You think that influence can make you an actress, but it could never get the snuffle out of your voice or put gray matter into your skull. You're just an average small town girl, Annie, and the woods are full of your kind. So is this city—girls who have come here with the same foolish ideas and the same swelled heads, who have picked up the same cynical notions, and who have refused to go back home where they belong. They didn't make the grade on the stage, and so they drifted into another profession—one that I don't think you would like in spite of your gallant attempt at a début this evening.

"So you're going back, swallowing false pride, admitting your failure, to become a regular home girl again. To this assertion you will, no doubt, exclaim 'Never!' and 'I'll show him!'

"But I'll tell you why I know you are going back. If you're not out of New York inside of a week I intend to write to your father, telling him that you haven't got the making of an actress' little finger, and advising him to come and get you before you join the other Annies who wear unexplainable chinchilla wraps. He'll come fast enough, for I happen to know that he can't afford the money that has been keeping you going. How would you like me to tell your mother where you are at this very minute? Well, then, buy a ticket for the scenes of our childhood, and be quick about it.

"One more thing: I'm going to my office now, and will return at midnight. If I find you here when I arrive I promise to give you a most god-awful spanking. Good-night."

ANNIE became a great social success in our town after her return. She walked in glamour, for we knew she was an actress and had appeared in a Broadway show. She said that she had come home for a rest, but the first families who live up on the hill made things so pleasant for her that she prolonged her visit indefinitely.

After a heavy wooing, in which there was much competition, one of the young men of the first families persuaded her to announce her retirement from the stage and her betrothal to half a million dollars in the tomato canning business.

Annie and her husband go to New York occasionally to see the new shows, and she tells him the intimate reasons why the actresses hold their jobs. This causes him to cherish her greatly as a pure woman who passed through the flames unscathed; and by occasional little flurries of pretended homesickness for the footlights she keeps him on the anxious seat.

But for this happiness she never thanks John Howard Trumbull, not even in her silent prayers.

How she hates that man!

THE END

PUTTING *the* SLOGAN *in* BUSINESS

By O. O. McINTYRE

Remember the Motto That Hung in the Parlor Years Ago, and How Mother Canned It? Well, It's on the Inspired Business Man's Desk Now

Pictures by HERB ROTH

When he arrives at his place of business in the morning and goes through the outer offices, he has all the dash of a Kansas twister.

IT used to be in the good old days that a man's desk was solely for the transaction of business. But now look at the darned thing! It looks more like a counter at a rummage sale or a glorified nook in a junk shop.

The stranger drops in to see Joe Doakes, of Doakes, Doakes & Doakes, Inc., and, after convincing the red-headed pea shooter at the outer gate that he isn't carrying a bomb up his cuff or selling life insurance, he is admitted through the door marked "Private."

The first thing that greets his eye is a sign on the desk reading:

"DON'T PARK HERE!"

One gets the idea that the Doakes' visitors are in the habit of bringing their sleeping blankets, greeting the boss, and, with a nonchalant yawn, stretching their tired bodies atop the desk for an hour's snooze before taking up business.

So the stranger begins his rapid fire talk. He feels that seconds are precious and lets Doakes have both conversational barrels pronto. He is naturally a bit astonished after he has finished his nonstop talk to see Doakes yawn, send out for some cracked ice, and begin with: "Stop me if you have heard this one."

"This one" is probably the one about the deaf old lady and the Pullman porter and three years ago on the vaudeville circuit it was a wow. But since then vaudeville has become refined.

Two hours later the stranger leaves with the settled conviction that desk signs are about as true as a three dollar cornet. He didn't perhaps transact any business, but he has enough fresh and salacious yarns to give him a new standing at the weekly meeting of the sincere students who are delving into the why of what makes the deuces wild.

I have a friend who is one of those dynamic midgets of Big Business. He is just about tall enough to look a turtle in the face and wouldn't weigh eighty pounds all wet and with a rock in his hand. He is a zip-zipper and no fooling.

When he arrives at his place of business in the morning and goes through the outer offices he has all the dash of a Kansas twister. All the help scamper to the cyclone cellars. Stenographers who have nothing at all to do begin tapping out "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" with feverish haste. Bookkeepers are suddenly galvanized into action and become lightning calculators, adding up six rows at a bound.

He fairly bristles with energy and he, too, is a sign hound. The first thing you notice on his desk is the sign:

"WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN! ANOTHER HALF HOUR GONE TO HELL!"

He jumps about like a Mexican bean and I have a sneaking suspicion that he gave St. Vitus the big idea for his terpsichorean stuff.

The other day I slipped in on him unannounced. (Office people are always mistaking me for the window cleaner.) He was hunched over his desk with wrinkled brows. He was remindful of one of the younger set of the Sitting Bulls making ready for charge. I knew I had landed knee deep in an atmosphere of heavy thinking.

I imagined he was charting new fields to conquer. Instead he was working out a cross word puzzle and had been completely stumped by a four letter word denoting a simpleton.

I have a bright idea for a sign for that bird to face. Here it is—he may use it for his very own:

"DON'T BE A SAP, YOU SAP!"

Or, goody, goody, better still:

"PUT ON YOUR HAT—HERE COME THE WOODPECKERS!"

There are a dozen jaunty *jongleurs* down in Greenwich Village attics who cut their own

hair, swipe the bottle of milk next door for breakfast, and almost make enough to keep them in cigarets fashioning pep-up jingles for the desks of merchant princes.

Ring Lardner, the humorist, was once asked to visit a theatrical producer at eleven o'clock in the morning. He arrived on time and found the door locked, but a sign reading:

"WILL BE BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!"

Lardner waited the fifteen and fifteen more and then went out for half an hour's walk. When he returned the door was still locked and the sign was still there, so Lardner wrote under it:

"What for?"

DESK signs are to me a signal of weakness. The man who uses them is more than likely chucking a bluff. If he hasn't enough courage to say to a man who is annoying and taking up his time "Get t'ell out of here!" he won't assay very high when business strikes a snag and needs a placid pilot.

As an outsider it is my guess that what the modern business desks need are fewer silly slogans and more of what my beloved grandpap used to call "old-fashioned elbow grease."

The fellow who has to have a nine by ten placard reminding him all the time to "DO IT NOW!" is not very valuable chasing business. He should be out in the country chasing a golf ball or something like that.

Then there are the sunshine signs that attempt to make business very poetical instead of the prosaic thing it is. They are saccharine with sentiment such as:

"BE PLEASANT EVERY MORNING UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK. THE REST OF THE DAY WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF."

"AWAKEN TODAY TO THE POWER WITHIN YOU!"

"ACT GENTLY—DEAL KINDLY."

"THE SUN MAY BE SHINING ABOVE THE FOG."

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS."

"HAVE YOU DONE A GOOD DEED TODAY?"

They all may be dandy, but I rather like the one a joker has hanging in his office which reads:

"MIZPAH—LOVE—ROSEMARY!
ALSO APPLE SAUCE!"

Down in Nassau Street, New York City, there is a basement shop which specializes in Bum Slogans for Big Business. Every time an assistant sales manager fumbles the ball and fails to land that big Nebraska order for a carload of flexible toothpicks he sends Tessie, the stenographer, over for a new slogan.

WHEN the boss comes in with a frozen face to find out the whence of the why he is greeted by a big red lettered sign reading:

"HIS FAILINGS LEAN'D TO VIRTUE'S SIDE!—GOLDSMITH."

The a. s. m. imagines he has put over a nifty and has completely disarmed the boss with the pretty inscription. And he keeps on thinking it, perhaps, until he comes to the office some morning and finds a strange face at his desk who tells him coldly from now on he will be in the shipping department and to get his hammer and nails and run right along down to the basement.

Desk signs are mighty misleading. There is a lumberman out in Chicago whose desk flaunts this epigrammatic marvel:

"IT IS A SILLY FISH THAT IS CAUGHT TWICE BY THE SAME BAIT!"

The sign may be reeking with truth, but the lumberman is paying three women alimony. Fool around with that one for a while. His sign strikes me as being about as ridiculous as one of those "Silence Is Golden" signs would be in a boiler factory.

One of the biggest bucket shop operators who ever got a hair cut in Atlanta used to have a sign over his door which read:

"BE SQUARE—NOTHING ELSE COUNTS."

He was just as square as an egg and the last I heard of him he had only ten more indictments to face when he got out in 1933.

Perhaps I am too crotchety about signs. But I was once badly tricked by one. A beetle-browed gent with an instep in his nose called on me one day about some oil stock. He was anxious that the shares should not get into the hands of "the interests." To hear him palaver you would have thought he had just left J. P. Morgan on his yacht in the midst of luncheon to call on me.

I was quite young and impressionable. I made an appointment to visit him the next day at his office. He occupied a magnificent suite in mid-town New York. There were all sorts of uniformed myrmidons and swank frock coated office clerks.

When I stepped into his office the carpet felt as though I might be stepping on a cat. On his glass topped desk, printed in gold letters, was this beautiful sentiment:

"LET HONESTY AND INDUSTRY BE THY CONSTANT COMPANIONS!"

Well, to make a long story pathetic, I fell for his guff. I took all the money out of the savings bank and got in return a beautiful green and highly decorated bit of paper. I still have it and will exchange it any day for two marbles and a skipping rope. It was the sign that tripped me up. In my unsophistication I did not think it possible for a man who faced such beautiful sentiment all day long to be dishonest.

BUT signs are not the only things men use to clutter up their desks. I should say not and O, my, no!

They have massive china and bronze animals running the alphabetical list from the aardvark to the zebra. There are also stuffed ducks, bronze cobras, silver baskets of imitation fruit, ebony and jeweled handled paper knives. (And who, parenthetically, ever uses a paper knife? They seem to be used only to stab villains in melodramas.) Let's see, where were we? O, yes—waxed doves in glass cases, and a hundred other whatnots which would be refused shelf space in any self-respecting emporium flaunting the sign, "Abe Katz, Junk."

It has become the fashion of late to give flowery names to summer places. A man pays ten dollars down and two dollars a week the rest of his life for two acres on a hillside that has nothing but a sick cow and a sour well and promptly puts a sign over the gateway proclaiming it as *"SYLVAN DELL."*

I rather warm to the name Herb Roth, the artist, gave his country place. He calls it *"DANDRUFF ON THE KNOB!"*

Gene Buck has named his place at Great Neck *"MORTGAGE MANOR."* And when I find enough generous editors I am going to call my summer place *"CRACKED CEILINGS!"*

Highly alliterative and flowery names for country homes may appeal to some, but the best name of all is that of the beautiful estate of Albert Payson Terhune at Pompton Lakes, N. J. He calls it simply *"THE PLACE."*

After all, there is about only one sign in which all of us can have perfect faith. That is the sign that looks exactly like this:

$

THE END

But signs are not the only things they use to clutter up their desks. O, my, no!

"You would, hey? Wot can you do? Wot makes you think you can play baseball? Think you can ketch a ball in a butterfly net?"

A Short Story of Love, Butterflies, Baseball, and a Grim Old Ghost

BUGS

By Frank Condon

Pictures by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

IN Waterbridge, which is in Connecticut, it was commonly agreed that Gus Smith had no future for two reasons. First, his ears stuck out sideways, fanlike and apprehensive, which is a sign of subnormal intelligence, and, second, he collected butterflies with a homemade hand net, and stuck pins through the insects, which he preserved in cases with little glass panes about them.

As Waterbridge sees such things, no grown man can chase after butterflies and amount to anything, unless temporarily under the sway of liquor; and Gus Smith didn't drink. He didn't smoke. He didn't do anything ordinary persons do. He was what Ring Lardner calls a "negative character," and he didn't go to the movies, read the newspapers, or consort with girls. He was twenty-one years old, which in normal young men is the age of mischief.

To be sure, Gus had a girl, but it was a left handed sort of romance, without any great moments. Her name was Herta Moatch, and she, too, lived in the same town, four houses down the street, in a rambling cottage with green shutters and a well in the front yard. Herta grew up with Gus and fell in love with him slowly, realizing that some woman would have to take care of him through life, as one guides the destinies of a beloved terrier. The Moatches were colorless people, but Herta was a bright faced, cheery lass with smiling blue eyes.

Gus Smith was six feet and some inches, and thin. He lived with his grandmother in a run-down house opposite the town green, where the boys romped at their games. The bond of affection and trust between Gus and the old lady was very real. They talked things over. He had no secrets from her. With Herta Moatch he usually talked about unimportant matters.

The Smith home was a small, four room place, back from the street, with a patch of grass in front, and each room was full of departed butterflies, carefully catalogued, indexed, and identified. Glass and wooden cases covered the walls and lay about in seemingly disordered piles. Gus' library consisted of books containing red and blue illustrations of moths, and there was little else in his life. He was born to chase and catch butterflies, to gloat upon their beauties and the wonder of their variety.

GUS' grandmother regarded him with a kindly eye, and as he grew taller and thinner she watched him anxiously, as though expecting something which never seemed to materialize. One warm spring morning young Gus departed from the cottage, bearing his trusty net and the yellow leather bag in which he placed his winged game.

"I'm going over to Sullivan's farm," he remarked, at the door. "I won't be back till supper."

The old lady smiled up from her chair and Gus ambled down the road. The butterflies

"Old George, up there in Heaven, gets bored with his angels and what not and thinks he'd like to play a little ball. So he swoops down on me, an innocent butterfly man."

eluded him, but toward midafternoon he ran across a white lined morning sphinx, which cheered him, and with sundown he returned to town in a meditative mood. As he reached the main street, flanked on one side by the village green, he came to a halt, undecided whether to proceed to Herta's home for a friendly word or continue home. He scratched his head reflectively. Opposite him a dozen town lads were playing baseball, a game to which Gus was an utter stranger.

The afternoon sun threw long shadows across the green, and the boys shouted merrily at their pastime. Suddenly, inexplicably, something arose in the mind of Gus, the butterfly hunter. He strode across the highway, put down his net and bag, and approached the players.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Playin' ball, o' course," responded a tall boy, with a note of infinite scorn. He was seventeen and intolerant.

The lads paused and gathered about Gus. They knew him well and wondered at the visitation. In Gus' eyes was a strange glitter and his hands shook.

"May I play with you?" he asked.

They laughed derisively and one of them tossed a bat into the air.

"I'd like to play," Gus said earnestly.

"You would, hey? Wot can you do? Wot makes you think you can play baseball? Think you can ketch a ball in a butterfly net?"

"Let me play," Gus insisted, stubbornly.

The boys grinned at each other and communicated with the swift, secret celerity of their tribe.

Gus knew nothing of the interesting technicalities of America's foremost game. He had

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noticed the boys before, with a cold, disinterested eye, and they had always appeared to be shouting or running. To him their game was without meaning.

"Let the big string bean pitch," suggested a freckled urchin.

"Sure. Let him pitch," a chorus agreed.

WITH mock solemnity they led him to the pitcher's mound, placed the ball in his hand, and explained noisily the duties of a pitcher and what he was expected to accomplish. Briefly they stated the objectives of the game, and Gus listened to the tumult, knowing nothing. A tall lad stepped to the plate, brandished his bat, and invited Gus to throw the ball.

"Put it over the plate," shouted the freckled lad, and Gus did so. For the first time in his life he threw a baseball, and it went straight across the plate, sizzling with speed, into the catcher's glove, and with such force that the little fellow behind the bat was knocked sprawling by the impact.

"Wow!" said amazed and admiring voices. "Didya see that?"

Gus threw the ball again, being warned to toss with less speed or become a murderer. The perspiration crept upon his brow and his eyes blazed. Boy after boy stepped up with ready bat, hit at the flying ball, and failed to touch it. In the midst of his triumphs Gus laid the ball upon the ground at his feet, seized his net and bag, and dashed across the street to his cottage home. He ran inside breathlessly, dropped into a chair, and wiped his face. There was an air of shame about him.

"I don't know why I did that," he said to his grandmother. "I've been over there throwing a baseball. I never did that before, Nanna."

"My boy," she replied, standing beside him with a hand upon his moist forehead, "I know why. I have been watching from the window. What I have long expected has come to pass."

Gus looked up in wonderment.

"You know why?" he repeated; and the old lady nodded, drew up a footstool, and sat at her grandson's knee.

"Gus," she said, "you know who your grandfather was?"

"Yes," he replied. "George Smith."

"He was indeed George Smith—*the* George Smith, the greatest baseball player of his time, and he was a pitcher. He loved the game above all else in life, and when he came to die his only regret was that death might put an end to his playing ball.

"His son and my son, Henry, who was your father," continued the grandmother, "was never strong, and besides his leg was crippled. That was a blow to George, a sad one. And do you know what your grandfather said to me as he lay on his dying bed?"

"What?"

"He said, 'Mary, I'm leaving the world, but I'm coming back. Wherever Heaven is Heaven will mean nothing to me, because they probably don't play ball. But I'm coming back somehow,' he said. 'Henry will never play, Mary, but maybe he'll have a son.'"

"Me?" said Gus, his eyes wide.

"Yes, you," replied the granny. "And that's the answer. That's why you played ball today."

Gus grew indignant.

"Then *I* didn't rush over there and play with those boys," he said. "That wasn't me. It was Grandfather George."

"Of course it was. Gus, you might as well make up your mind to get used to it. When your grandfather wants to play ball he'll do it. He said he would."

"You mean, when he feels like it *I'm* forced to?"

The grandmother nodded.

"I will not," said Gus irritably. "I hate baseball. It's foolish. I'm a collector of butterflies, not an athlete."

"Makes no difference. You'll play ball. You can't help it. Could you help it today? And playing ball is all right. It's honorable and a clean sport. Besides, we're awful poor, Gus."

"What do you mean by that?"

"They pay good money to ball players," said the old lady. "I'd like to have a new hat some day and we've always needed a stove."

Gus went gloomily among his butterflies and stared long and lovingly at a magnificent *Attacus crecopia* moth with white wings.

"He may come and get me again," Gus mourned, addressing the dead moth, "but I'll give him a battle. If he's dead why don't he stay dead like any decent corpse?"

Gus talked it over with Herta Moatch.

"Isn't that ridiculous?" he demanded, outlining the situation. "It's like a sudden pain in the stomach. Old George, up there in Heaven, gets bored with his angels and whatnot and thinks he'd like to play a little ball. So he swoops down on me, an innocent butterfly man who never harmed anyone. While he has possession of me I do the ball playing. Then when he gets tired of it I quit, but not before. Suppose the old scoundrel wanted to play ball every day for two months? Think of that, Herta."

The girl smiled and patted Gus' shoulder.

"It isn't so terrible," she said softly. "You know, Gus, you might—you might make money, and then we could—we could——"

The two women were against him, Gus reflected, sweetheart and grandmother, both apparently not sharing his indignation in the slightest over the antics of a long dead man, but interested only in the financial outlook.

SPRING was in the air, and, as Grandmother Smith pointed out to Gus, one might expect the shade of old George Smith to grow lively, because spring, with a ball player, is the time of rejuvenation and fresh enterprises.

Gus solemnly pursued his caterpillars and moths with a troubled air, waiting fearfully for a second possession and seizure by Grandfather George. It was not long in coming. Again Gus dropped his net, stepped into the boys' game, and pitched for a full hour, and those who saw the big, gangling youth upon the village green went away amazed to talk of him with their friends.

Older villagers became interested as Gus fell before the multiplying attacks of George the Ghost, and presently there crept into a big town newspaper a small item for the sporting column which stated briefly that the flourishing village of Waterbridge boasted a prodigy.

Not long thereafter there came to Waterbridge a youngish old man, with gray hair and a red face, in which twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes—eyes that had stared hard at many a ball player. His name was Goff; and he, too, stood one afternoon in the crowd about the green and watched Gus, who was pitching for the Waterbridge Eagles. There was a surprised look in the eyes of the stranger. Later on he sat in Grandmother Smith's cottage. In a little circle of chairs were gathered Gus, his grandmother, and Herta Moatch, who had been sent for.

"We'll give you a hundred dollars a month to start with," said Mr. Goff, and Herta's face shone.

Gus shook his head.

"Not me," he said. "I'm no ball player."

"O, Gus," said Herta. "Think of what it means."

The little man with the sharp eyes came from the New Haven Baseball Club, which was in a real league and had its scores in the newspapers each day.

"You don't know much about baseball," admitted Mr. Goff. "But you're worth teaching. One hundred is only the starting point, if you're what I think you are."

"Take it, Gus," urged the old lady. "You know what I told you, and you might as well be paid for doing it."

Thus it came about quite naturally that Gus Smith, who loved butterflies, became a professional ball player in New Haven, wearing the uniform of the business, yet loathing it and everything connected with the national game.

GUS SMITH went up like a rocket. The newspapers made much of the rising young star, but nobody knew that George Smith, the ancient hero, had come back to the diamond for fresh triumphs in the lean and awkward shell of Gus, the lepidopterist.

The New Haven players took Gus in hand and taught him what they knew. They found he was a natural pitcher. There was no grace to him and nothing pretty in his manner, but there was an ease and lack of effort and the ball passed from his fingers and through the air like a bullet.

He pitched and he learned the game, little by little. Whenever he pitched his team won by whatever score Gus chose to have it. If the New Haven boys batted in many runs Gus generally let the other side score, for the mere pleasure of the spectators.

Gus learned, as time went on, that he was gifted with skill such as no other man had, and the team agreed. It was no effort for him to throw the ball over the plate, to give it great speed as it passed the puzzled batsman, or to drift it easily and slowly into the hands of the catcher, and always with exactly the same graceless motion of his lanky body.

He found the opposing batters hit the ball when and where he wished, tapping little pop-ups to the infield players or to himself, or hitting long, soaring flies to the outfielders. In brief, Gus Smith held his opponents by the throat, directing them as though they were mechanical toys, and he never forgot for an instant that all this dexterity and skill was not his own; that he himself was not playing ball and pitching himself to fame, but that his grandfather, the famous George Smith of a past generation, had come back to earth and was having another day.

RAPIDLY the young marvel advanced, from one hundred a month to greater figures; from New Haven to Buffalo; from Buffalo to Boston; and eventually, after a serious conference with Manager John McGraw, Gus Smith went to New York and became a member of the Giants, which to baseball players is as far as mortal may go. McGraw paid a price to the Boston club he was ashamed to announce.

That particular conference was an unprecedented affair, and probably John McGraw has never attended another quite like it. It took place in a downtown New York office.

"So you're Gus Smith," McGraw began, studying the pride of Waterbridge.

"Yes," said Gus; "I suppose we might as well have a talk about this new job."

"That's what we're here for," replied the man who gave the Giants a capital letter.

"Well," Gus ruminated, fiddling with the band on his hat, "to start off with, you might

as well know something about me. I don't like baseball."

"You don't?"

"No. I never did. And another thing: I hear that you're strong for discipline on your team, which is all right, but discipline can never have much to do with me."

McGraw glanced at Gus, who seemed to be speaking seriously.

"Not that I object to taking orders or obeying them," continued the man who knew butterflies, "only I have to do things in my own way. Some days I'll be ready to pitch, and I will pitch, and other days, maybe when you want me, I may not be anywhere around. You may want me to pitch when I can't pitch, and nobody will know that except me."

"This has a slightly funny sound," murmured the manager.

As the magnificent specimen of the only uncaught butterfly in America fluttered above his head, Gus forgot baseball and the shrieking host.

"Of course," Gus admitted. "You never had a player like me. I don't believe you can see how all this is, because I don't want to play baseball, and I don't want any job with the Giants. It won't make me mad if we don't sign a contract. I have lots of things to do, things that I like to do."

"Considering all this," McGraw said, "why should you come with the Giants at all?"

"No reason," Gus admitted cheerfully. "I don't want to. At that, there probably is one reason."

"What is it?"

"Every game I pitch for you I win," Gus said.

"I've heard that before," smiled McGraw.

"It's true. Go back over the record if you doubt me."

Mr. McGraw had no need to go back over the record. He lighted a cigar and laughed.

"We may get on," he said. "I've got along with some tough birds, and if we don't we can always split."

GUS reported to the Giants on the third of May, having declined to join for the spring practice or to report for the early games for reasons of his own.

Two days later the Giants played the Chicago Cubs and the new man pitched and merely toyed with the enemy. He struck out those he desired to strike out, including some noble and indignant warriors whose fame was totally unknown to Gus. Others he permitted to hit feeble pop-ups to the infielders, and as the game progressed the Giants gathered runs. The score was six and two and the two were gifts, presented by Gus to the Cubs because he pitied them. McGraw watched his new man and marveled.

"He's got it," the manager remarked. "Whatever a pitcher needs this lad has; but he's a nut, as sure as sin."

Almost immediately Gus became known as "Bugs," some one having recalled his butterfly passion; and Bugs he remained, winning games for the Giants as the season advanced and also driving McGraw frantic.

His teammates tried to be friendly, but Gus frankly loathed them all, and said so. He declined to associate with them before, during, or after the games. He refused to take part in their locker room chatter and held himself silent and aloof, mourning inwardly. He spoke to nobody, save for an occasional word with McGraw, and instead of stopping at the hotel in town frequented by his fellows he sought out a shabby side street lodging house, where he secured a small room with a hideous white iron bedstead and a broken dresser. Here he gathered about him a few treasures, boxes of books, and here he remained a recluse, unhappy and isolated, studying the colored portraits of such things as the *Papilio cresphontes* or the Virginia ermine moth.

Gus communicated infrequently with Herta and his grandmother, and made arrangements for his salary to be sent to Waterbridge. His monthly check was, to Gus, without meaning, and his letters home were gloomy recountals of what had come to be never ending "attacks." An "attack," as Gus saw it, was a day upon which he arose from his bed, miserable in the knowledge that old George Smith desired to play ball. George, as spring advanced, seemed to be enjoying himself. In May and June Gus pitched twelve games for the Giants and won each contest.

He declined firmly to travel with the team beyond Brooklyn, and threats failed to move him. Gradually his associates decided that Gus Smith was plain mad. What Manager McGraw thought no one knew, but a pitcher who never loses a game is a fair asset to any club, and Gus remained glued to a pay roll, though he never went near the cashier, never collected a single cent, and never felt the slightest interest in the prosperity of his team, in its success or failure, or in anything else dear to the heart of a ball player.

"Daffy as a loon," the other players said when they learned of his indifference to the alluring pay check, because the normal player usually reaches the pay window shortly before it opens. And so Gus remained, a man ruled intermittently by a long dead and despotic grandfather whom he despised, the victim of a shade's whims, unable to live his life peacefully in Waterbridge, with a butterfly net in one hand and a yellow bag on his shoulder. In his stuffy room Gus kept a portrait of old George, so that he might curse him directly.

"WE'RE gonna win this pennant sure," remarked Bill Driscoll, the Giants' third baseman, one afternoon, warmed to impulsive speech by the magnificence of a game Gus had pitched against Pittsburgh, defeating them by the score of nine to three. Bill ambled alongside Gus, on the way to the clubhouse, garru-

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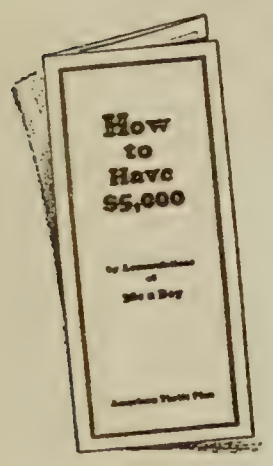

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

lous for the moment, genial and of friendly intent.

"Especially," Bill continued, "if you keep on pitchin' like this."

"Who's going to win the pennant?" Gus asked coldly.

"We are."

"You are," Gus answered. "I'm not going to win anything except unending misery. What's the difference who wins the pennant?"

"The dough," shouted Bill in astonishment. "World's Series money."

Gus looked bitterly at the third baseman.

"Did you ever wonder," he asked, "why it is that a Luna caterpillar has three pairs of true feet and five pairs of false feet, which God gave him without apparent reason?"

Bill Driscoll stared at Gus for a moment, and walked off in a daze.

"This guy," Driscoll told his teammates later, "is not only daffy, but I think he's a worm chaser."

Three times during the season Manager McGraw lost his marvel moundsman and retrieved him with difficulty and expense. Gus pitched and won a Monday game at the Polo Grounds—Grandfather Smith feeling so inclined and having one of his joyous days—and his chief inquired if Gus thought he would be ready again on Thursday.

"Probably," Gus answered. "I can't tell. Nobody can tell."

MONDAY night Gus packed a small handbag and took a night train west. In his pocket was the clipping from a newspaper in Albuquerque, New Mexico, announcing that a local citizen named Alfred Hustwick had captured two fine specimens of the *Eudamus tityrus*, or the famous Hesperian butterfly moth, which is rare among lepidopterists and is by many regarded as the true connecting link between the moth and butterfly. Gus wanted one. He yearned to behold it. So he went to New Mexico, and two days later there was dismay in New York baseball circles.

No one knew whither Gus had flitted. Two weeks later a detective walked into a soda fountain in Albuquerque and observed Gus, in an apron, pouring lemon pop into a glass.

"Hello," said the detective. "You Gus Smith?"

"Yes," replied Gus.

"We better be getting back to New York," said the retriever. "They're sort of worried about you."

"All right," Gus answered, "only I suppose I ought to give the boss a week's notice. That thing about Hustwick was all wrong. He didn't have a real Hesperian, which was what I came out to get."

"Yeh," said the officer, "and you're liable to get something else when McGraw sees you."

"Fired?" Gus asked, eagerly.

"Huh," grinned the detective. "No chance."

Gus returned under escort to his grim room with the white bedstead, appeared several days later at the Polo Grounds, and pitched another flawless game. The rampant spirit of old George desired to play ball that week, as if to make up for lost time, and Gus pitched three games in six days and won them with ease. He disappeared again and they found him in a suburb of New Orleans, calmly driving a street car for a living, well content and far from the clamor of a ball park.

Despite his protests, Gus went from New Orleans to Chicago, where the Giants were playing, and old George went to work again, romping through two games, one of which attracted attention because the Cubs failed to knock the ball out of the infield or get a hit in nine innings.

LARGELY because his prodigy pitched wonder games, the like of which McGraw had never seen before, the Giants won the National League pennant and prepared themselves to battle with the Yankees, who had crawled to the top of their league, for the baseball championship of the world. Gus was a hero to some and a renegade to others. One sporting editor remarked in his daily column:

"It is incomprehensible that a martinet like John McGraw should have kept this strange fellow on the team, fine pitcher that he is. Smith has openly defied the management and flouted the rules as no other player ever dared to do. Yet he remains. Why?"

McGraw knew the reason very well. And it was untrue that Gus flouted anything. He merely went away, when he could escape the ghostly fingers of Grandfather George, which of course was a condition unknown to the sporting editor.

In the World's Series, which was the usual cauldron of excitement, huge crowds, speculators in clover, and all the rest of the artificial ecstacy into which the populace froths itself every so often, Gus pitched the opening game, won it from the Yankees, who stood before him helpless, and did about as he wished. Gus went home after the game, crawled into bed, and began perusal of a new book by a lepidopterist newly risen in France, in which the dryocampa moth was referred to.

"This fellow is a liar," Gus remarked after the fifth page.

That particular World's Series gave New York mild heart disease. The Yankees won the second game, with Gus Smith at home in bed, entirely without interest in the outcome. He had begun a painful

letter to the Frenchman, showing this ignoramus that the eggs of the rosy dryocampa moth are never ringed, but are always shiny and glass-like, a light pea green, and globular, with a plain surface.

Manager McGraw sent two of his representatives to Gus' lodging house on the morning of the third game. Their names were Maguire and Evans, and they roused Gus and asked him if he could step into a mighty serious situation and pitch the team to victory.

"No," answered Gus, calmly and without any feeling.

"The boss expects you," said Evans.

"Let him. I don't want to play baseball, and I won't."

It was Gus Smith speaking, with old George obviously engaged in some celestial enterprise which took his mind off baseball.

The emissaries departed, and that day the Giants lost another game. For two mornings they pleaded with the miracle man to get out of his bed, put on his uniform, and snatch the team back from impending disaster. Gus remained not only adamant and unyielding, but without showing the slightest interest. It meant nothing to Gus Smith whether the Giants won the championship or tasted the dregs of defeat.

A letter came from Herta Moatch, whom Gus had not seen in months, but who had been putting his money away in the bank at Waterbridge. It said: "Your grandmother is well and happy and has a new hat. We hope to see you soon, but I will see you before the rest of the town, because I am going down to New York this week, and perhaps I shall watch you win a baseball game."

"She will not," said Gus, tossing the letter aside.

WHEN, after several pulsing days of disaster and success, the games stood three and three, the morning of the fatal last day arrived, and it was Manager John McGraw who stepped into a car early and headed for Gus Smith's lodging house. There was a grim look on the manager's face as he went uptown. One game remained, and the winning of it meant more than a trifle to every one concerned—a cash difference, which the players themselves discussed profanely.

Gus was in his usual position, wearing a faded blue night shirt, his long legs drawn up under his chin and a book propped before him. Mr. McGraw walked into the room without a smile. He stared hard at the strange creature in the bed.

"You're going to pitch today," he said, without preliminaries.

"I know I am," Gus replied. "I knew that when I woke up."

"You are. And while we're all here together I'd like to get a few facts off my chest. You're good, or you wouldn't be on the pay roll, but you have caused me more genuine agony than all the rest of them put together."

"Yes," said Gus, "I know that. And I know a lot of other things. I'm sorry, but it couldn't be helped."

He glanced at his employer as though pondering a serious problem.

"Mr. McGraw," he continued, "I've caused you a good deal of worry this year, and you don't know why, but I do. I believe I ought to tell you."

"You're my prize pestilence," admitted his chief, "but here's what I think of you."

He pulled from his pocket the familiar contract form.

"This is your job for next season," he remarked. "You will notice the advance in pay. Read it over and sign when you're ready."

He tossed the contract upon the bed, where it lay unheeded.

"Did you ever hear tell of George Smith?" Gus persisted, apparently troubled.

"Yes. You mean *the* George Smith?"

Gus nodded.

"George Smith was my grandfather," he explained. "That's his picture up on the wall."

HE indicated the small framed portrait of the ancient diamond hero, whose face was laden with a walrus mustache.

"So *he* was your grandfather," McGraw said, astonished. "That's where you get what you got! No wonder."

"Yeah, but you don't know how I get it," Gus went on, "and I'm going to tell you. First and foremost, I'm a collector of butterflies, and nothing else. I am not a ball player. I hate all ball players. I hate the Giants and the Polo Grounds, and the peanut sellers, and the smell of sweaty uniforms, and every last damned thing connected with the game.

"Left to myself," Gus went on gloomily, "I would never play baseball, but I am not left to myself, because every so often that old fool on the wall, who died in 1888, wants to pitch again, and when he wants to pitch he drifts down out of his heavenly stateroom and seizes upon me, and those are the days when you see me in a uniform. Those are the miserable days that I cannot prevent."

Manager McGraw, old in tales and stories, listened intently, his eye upon the mystery man. Gus rambled on and on, swearing now and then at old George. At the end of the tale the manager arose abruptly and departed.

"You are," he said, "the most inoffensively insane man I ever hired. You pitch today."

"Sure," said Gus, climbing out of bed.

The final, deciding game of that particular World's Series between the Giants and the Yanks is even yet narrated with bated breath by baseball fans. Probably sixty thousand individuals in the metropolis can today recite the occurrences, scene by scene.

Gus Smith pitched and Joe Bush tossed them up for the Yankees, and it was a battle that made the heart to beat faster and the eye to sparkle. In the early innings the Giants slowly and painfully accumulated three runs, and Gus Smith followed his old custom and permitted the steaming Yanks to gather a run in the fourth and another in the sixth, always one behind the Giants.

There the contest remained until the nerve straining moments of the ninth inning, the last half, with the Yankees at bat and two out. Gus grinned. He deliberately walked the next three batsmen, filling the bases and threatening to fill the hospitals for heart ailments. McGraw, in the shadow of the stand, smiled at the hubbub, serene in his mind, knowing his man Gus. The crowd proved that humanity can skirt closely to the edge of madness and yet retain its sanity.

As his final dramatic gesture and contribution to the vivid annals of baseball, Gus—and perhaps it was old, dead George Smith doing it, amidst ghostly laughter—elected to have the last batsman for the Yankees pop a high fly that rose straight into the azure sky, hovering over the infield and dropping into the pitcher's hands. Gus had done the same thing a hundred times before—an easy out and the end of the drama.

The ball cracked against the bat and rose for its final flight, and at the impact the men on bases started running for home, forlornly, but at full speed.

Gus stood motionless upon the pitcher's mound, waiting calmly for the ball to drop into his glove. It was a pulsing instant in baseball.

In the midst of the tumult, with the shining, white ball actually falling, there fluttered across the diamond a wispy thing. It drifted into the ken of Gus Smith's vision as he stood with uptilted chin—a large and beautiful butterfly. It was, as the lepidopterists say, a striking specimen of the *Papilio turnus*, which is a marvelous and rare treasure. The usual three rings shone upon its golden wings, but as Gus plainly observed, this *Papilio turnus* had, in addition, a flaming Maltese cross on its wings, imposed over the circles.

Gus stood transfixed. He had no such Turnus in his collection. He had never captured one, and neither had anyone else in America. A sharp, sudden gasp escaped his lips. Ball and butterfly fought for dominance in his vision. Then, as the magnificent specimen of the only uncaught butterfly in America fluttered above his head, Gus forgot baseball and the shrieking host.

He turned and gave chase, grasping his cap in hand, following the bright flash of wings. And sixty thousand persons froze into statues for an instant.

The ball fell upon the ground. Two runners shrieked their way across the home plate. Eight numbed Giants stood rooted to their spots. And the Yankees won a world's championship, whilst Gus Smith ran madly this way and that after a beautiful *Papilio turnus* with a Maltese cross.

IT has always been a question of just how many maddened individuals tried to kill Gus, because the stands emptied themselves suddenly into the field, sweeping across like a black tidal wave. Somebody threw a brick and it cut a gash in the butterfly-pitcher's cheek. The crowd surged about him and the police tried in vain to reach him.

A slight, fair haired girl had her arms around his neck as Gus struggled on the ground, and if anyone can have credit for saving his life it must be given to Herta Moatch, who had come down from Waterbridge to see the final game. She shielded him with her own body, and presently the police broke through and formed an escort for Gus. Half an hour later, still in his torn uniform, Gus sat on the side of his iron bed in the tiny room and Herta packed his belongings into a bag.

"We'll be going back to Waterbridge on the night train," she said.

"Sure," replied Gus. "We got enough of New York."

"And enough to live on, Gus," she added. "I put every dollar away, and lucky I did."

"That's fine," Gus observed, without interest.

The contract left by McGraw fell under his gaze. Gus seized the paper and tore it slowly to bits, which he tossed at the portrait of old George Smith on the wall.

"You're through playing ball, you old skunk," Gus said, addressing the portrait. "When does this train go?"

"At seven o'clock," Herta replied. "Does your face pain?"

"No," he answered. "I'm all right. We'll stop somewhere and have supper, and besides I'd like to get a special glass case for this."

"For what?" the girl inquired.

"This," he repeated, and from his soiled bosom he drew gently out the trembling and beautiful body of the *Papilio turnus*, still warm and alive.

THE END

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T. B.

By J. S.

THE REMARKABLE STORY of a Man Who Has Cured Himself of Tuberculosis by Cultivating a Sense of Humor, Making the Great American Hen His Chief Provider, and Sleeping in the Open on Highly Mineralized Soil

JIMMY SWINNERTON, whose cartoons are familiar to millions of newspaper readers, has made his friends a lot of trouble. They have held at least four official funerals for him. When he first developed T. B., they escorted the "body" to a train and wept as it pulled out, never expecting to see him again. A couple of years later he bobbed up, outhealthing most of those who had bidden him farewell. He was cured of everything excepting humor. He has an incurable case of that; and his sense of humor, open air, and the will to live had cured him of the disease.

THE editor has requested me to write this in the personal vein, so the many obnoxious I's are not of my selection, and with this apologetic preface let us to our first scene.

I sat on a mountain peak rising some eight thousand feet. On one hand the view ranged in yellow and pink sand to the blue haze of the distant Tehachapis, and below me, some twenty miles away, lay the borax sinks of the Mojave; and on the other side the scene was the green of the Los Angeles Valley and the faint blue line of ocean.

My camp was made at a little mountain spring some few yards below the summit. My cook and handy man had taken the pack animals down to the nearest camp, eleven miles below, to get supplies and the mail. Presently I heard the scuffling of animals and the creaking of gear on the steep mountain trail, and my helper scrambled in sight. Handing me my mail, the man went on to unpack.

In going over the papers my eye glanced a headline, "Noted Physician Passes Away," and, reading further, I found his name,—one I'd not forgotten; no, not by a synthetic jugful! And, as I sat there on that high and lonely peak, memory brought back a serio-tragic scene, with this same M. D. and myself as chief actors.

It was in New York. The entrance through the forbidding portals of one of the old red front houses led to a doctor supposed to be the highest authority on lung trouble in the United States. He was seated at his big desk, and, with a seemingly cruel callousness — though it was, I suppose, only a blind for a heart pang underneath—gave the fateful words to an emaciated cartoonist.

"You can't live over a month. Act accordingly. Good day."

"But——" said I.

"Good day," reiterated the physician.

My kind fellow-cartoonist, who had brought me hither at the request of a big hearted newspaper owner, received me at the door.

"What did he say?" he queried.

For some reason I laughed loudly.

"He said I had a month," I chortled, "but it's going to be a huge joke on him, because *I'm going to bury him.*"

AND now here I sat on the top of the landscape and read again those printed words which proved that Fate had carried out my foolish boast.

Fate, say I, and, as I give it more serious thought, I must add the great American hen—yes, for her eggs had more to do than any other material thing in making me the forty-six inch chested roughneck who sat on that mountain top and whose mind flew back along the devious trail from the big city across the plains to the sand and rocks of a curing land.

In those first days when the aforesaid kindly newspaper owner had seen to my migration (as I was indeed just that—one cartoonist and twelve million T. B. bugs) there came to me, with the weakness of the fargone consumptive, a desire for the most sustaining food.

My desire seemed to be appeased only by raw eggs. To make them more palatable I took them in dry sherry. My love for the eggs (or was it the sherry?) sometimes drove me to take a dozen or more in a day.

Also I rubbed my nose straight down in the desert sand. Perhaps I might explain this means I saw my way to live on the ground, eating there and, especially, sleeping there. I really believe that in certain soils, preferably of a mineral nature, sand or rock, where there is no rotting vegetation to interfere with the mineral contact, one gets some wonderful cleansing effects.

This fact has also been especially drummed into me by my Indian friends. They call it "good spirits in the earth"—but, in my opinion, it is powerful agencies of a mineral character about which we know as little now as we knew about radium twenty years ago.

I have seen nervous and irritable men, put to sleep on the ground with nothing between them and the earth but a pad and tarpaulin, sleep as they had not done in months and wake up singing or whistling, which in itself shows some strong agency had been at work.

I recall the case of two persons who were in about the same state of illness—one I put on a bed, the other slept outside on the ground; and the outside sleeper's improvement, as compared with the other's, was such as to strengthen my belief in the merits of soil contact.

This, of course, goes for all sorts of ailments besides tuberculosis. There are millions of acres in different parts of the sandy far Southwest and the mineralized plateaus of northern Arizona and New Mexico, as well as southern Utah and Colorado, where one can try it. Also don't forget that the sun in the great in-

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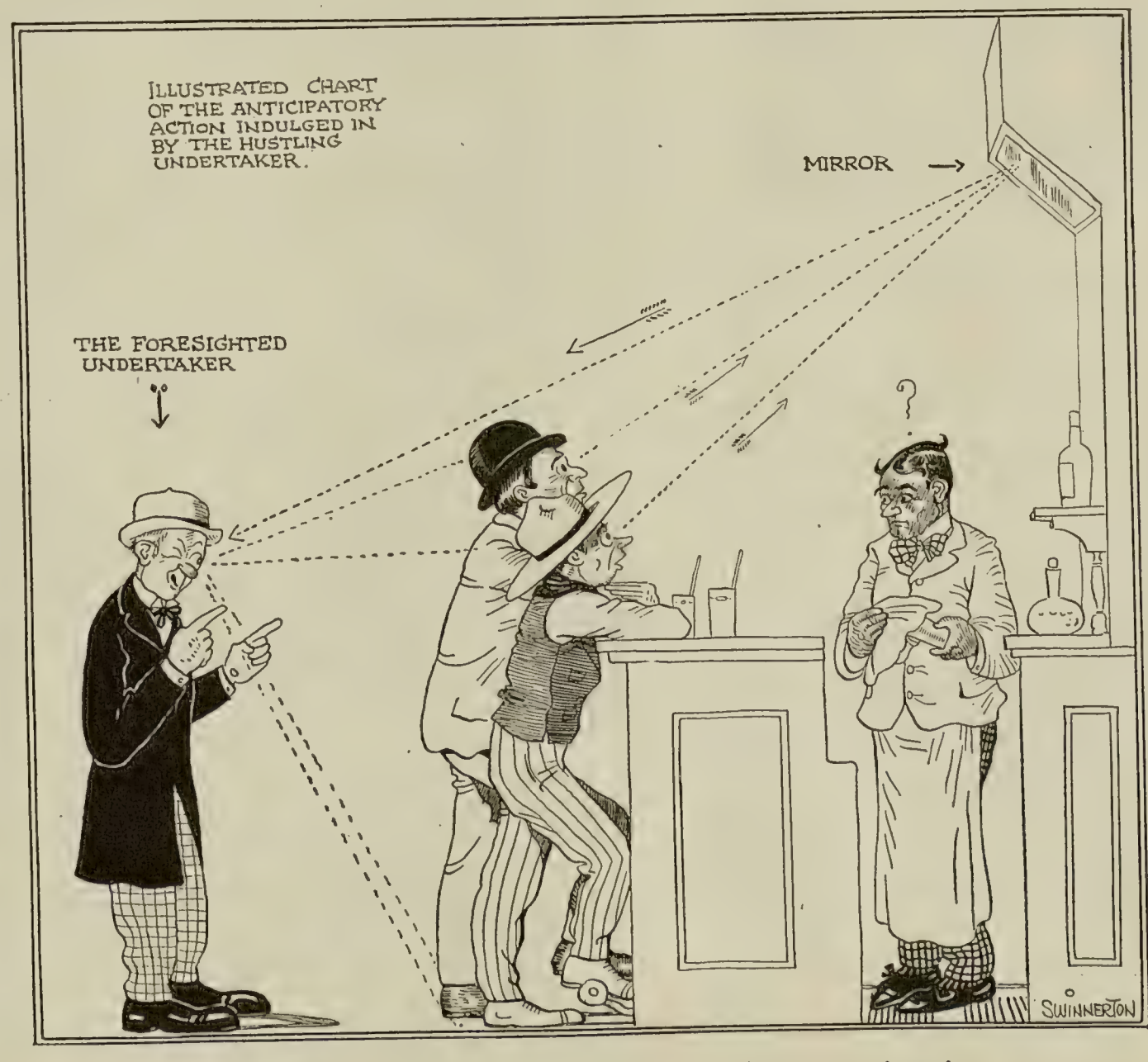

Swinnerton describes his own idea of a desperate situation.

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Fletcher's
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MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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This is one of the ways in which Liberty is essentially different from all other publications. IT FITS THE TIMES!

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land Southwest forces into one strength unweakened by ocean mists or sweating vegetation.

So let us take count. Getting a close contact with mineralized soil, easily digested, vitalizing food, plenty of clean sun and air, and loose clothing should make one get the best of any few billion tubercular germs, with the exception that one should be aided by the *mental attitude.*

I HAVE known big, strong chaps who would fight to the end anything they could lay their hands on, but the moment they were told they were tubercular they would lie down and virtually scare themselves to death. On the other hand, I've seen puny little women who had faith in new air or surroundings get well in spite of a frail constitution.

I have in mind a mother who considered herself a martyr of the first caliber. She followed her son into the desert and cooked for him, but never for one moment let him forget that he was expected to die. By look, by word, the mother made a premature wake of his existence, and the son finally ended her foolish campaign by filling a desert grave.

There is no doubt in my mind that if he had been alone or with someone who had a sense of humor he would be alive today.

A word about humor as a mental help further on, but here let me say that the usual sanatorium, with its constant contact with other patients, the continual "shop talk" about their ailments, is for many people with impressionable minds a short cut to disaster.

The patient should have an interest in something entirely apart from his trouble. If possible, it should be a hobby, so he may ride it the longer and with enough enthusiasm to cover his morbid plane.

Once there was sent to me a celebrated dramatic critic who was suffering with T. B. Heralded days before by numerous telegrams from mutual friends, he arrived at a small southern California town where I was staying at the time. I had mustered a funny little brass band of seven pieces, and also had a Mexican ready with a speech of welcome. As he came weakly down the steps, surrounded by friends made on the train, the band started playing the first of its repertoire of two tunes.

"'Lo, Jim. Wha's the band playin'?" he asked.

"You've reviewed lots of musical events," I replied. "What does it sound like?"

"Sounds like," said he, "Nearer My God to Thee."

"Right," I answered, beckoning to my Mexican orator, who, as we held the bebugged visitor erect, gave an impassioned speech of welcome in Mexican.

"But," said my friend, "don't you have any hearts out here?"

"Nary one," said I. "You've only got lung trouble. We never fuss about that out here. Your kind always gets well anyway."

Just then the band shot its second barrel, which was Bringing in the Sheaves.

Recognizing the tune, the critic gave a little confused giggle, but that giggle meant that today he's back on the job and doing better work than he's ever done in his life.

In my own case, my attitude gradually expanded into the view that my illness was all a big joke, especially on me. As the day drew nearer for my demise (as predicted by the New York physician) an old newspaper friend who was nearby was brought over to see me. When he saw me, propped up as he was on both sides by human aid, he laughed and coughed so hard that I feared for his life right there.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"You look worse than I thought you would," he sputtered, and added, "I'm comin' over to see you kick off. I'm not goin' to stick around long myself, but I'm sure goin' to be able to plant a clod or two on your shirt front."

We both laughed over this and joined forces. We found our dates o' death were written within a few days of each other, so we went at preparations for our separate funerals.

We purchased two gravestones, and they were on public exhibition. Also we wrote a song and dance entitled 'Twas Love Among the Cactus. We couldn't dance, so we hired a Mexican to do that part.

We also were the authors of the consumptive duet. One would sing until he had to cough, and the other would then take up the song. This idea was later taken up on Saranac Lake, and with more patients there the duet was enlarged to a quartet.

WE hired a mourner, who gave up his position in a marble quarry to start on a business-like job of mourning for us. But all of these different things are really stories in themselves, and space forbids my telling, except, perhaps, about the undertaker whom we discovered mentally measuring us for coffin lengths.

In this stage of our cure, humor and eggs between them carried us over many hard bumps, and, as my space limit now swings the gate shut, let me say, in all seriousness, I'd never worry about any tubercular case which can get into the sand and see the joke.

Incidentally, if there's any check coming for this feeble flow of advice, I will place it on my next life insurance payment, which insurance I got two years ago.

THE END

Confessions *of a* Shyster

How the Vultures of the Law Strip Wealth and Reputation from Their Victims by Blackmail and Forgery—by Divorce Frameups and Manifold Other Illicit Devices

Told By

ONE WHO WAS DISBARRED

Pictures by
HAROLD T. DENISON

Here is the story of a successful business man who started life as a lawyer. He became a shyster to obtain the means to launch him in his present line of endeavor. He is not a moralist; he has no apologies to offer.

In his series of articles, of which this is the first, he reveals the secrets of the professional perjurers, the blackmailers, the ambulance chasers, and all the lesser fry that infest the law's illicit avenues.

Crooked? He says he never defended a criminal half as bad as himself. Yet he kept out of prison—and was eventually disbarred.

It is a remarkable narrative.

He sat on a stool and, with many flourishes and gyrations of his pen, would write the firm's name in steely, shaded Spencerian.

I WOULD have followed the same path whether I had met Rudolph or not. I would have accepted and adopted the shyster lawyer's code of ethics in any event, because I hated the profession and used it only as a means to frequent large fees easily acquired. So meeting Rudolph that warm afternoon in August merely hastened the day when I should bid farewell to professional rectitude and enter his school of jurisprudence.

My father died a year after I was graduated from law school. He was a lawyer—an honorable practitioner who was, at the time of his death, the chairman of the grievance committee of the Bar Association of his State. He was tremendously proud of his profession, so much so that he insisted that I, his only son, should embrace it. He was a man of strong moral fiber; I was not.

The newspapers, reporting my disbarment, were at some pains to moralize on the fact that I, the shyster, should be the son of the honorable scholar and gentleman who was my father. Editorial writers wrote shocked paragraphs about it.

For seven or eight years I violated probably every rule of practice. I was guilty of degrees of malfeasance—from the slightly shady and tricky to the quite despicable. I am writing in utter candor; I shall not moralize nor become mawkish.

My primary reason for adopting the ways and means of Rudolph was my incurable dis like for my profession as such. Once a sh ster, however, I stuck to it until the Bar Ass ciation decided that the law would make bett headway if I were to leave it alone. While did not win much happiness nor deri much joy out of what I was doing, made a great deal of money, which compe sated me to a certain extent for my distaste.

Why, if I loathed my profession, did I n desert it for more agreeable work? Simp

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because, at that time, no sort of work appealed to me and, after all, it was the stupid (to me) work in the office of the ethical lawyer which repelled me. I took a far greater interest in the law after I had observed the shysters at work.

I envied them the money they made and promised myself that I would be one of them as soon as the opportunity offered.

By their methods I would rake in all the money I could and as quickly as possible and then retire with sufficient capital into some more congenial profession. At one time I was ambitious to write. Later I decided there were enough bad writers, so really I can't be accused of utter disregard for all of the rights of others.

Briefly, I did not immediately renounce the law for the same reason that so many other men do not bestir themselves out of jobs they are unfitted to hold.

AS I have said, father insisted that I study law. I weakly objected, knowing that it would do no good. I honestly believe that had I remained adamant against his desire, he would have expelled me from the family. The easiest way out of it was to let him have his way. He was that sort of a man.

Since my disbarment I have made a respectable fortune in commerce, and although I was consistently dishonest as a lawyer, it cannot be said of me that I have ever been unfair or unethical in business. My financial rating is sound and my credit unquestioned.

I do not offer it in extenuation of any departure from professional rectitude of which I may have been guilty, but ninety-nine per cent of the young lawyers—the recent graduates from law schools who have neither financial backing, influence nor social connections—will, if they are quite honest about it, admit that absolute conformity to legal ethics is very near to impossible if one is to make a living.

I remember one youngster — ambitious, bright, energetic—who was in despair because business showed no signs of recognizing him. He had been making valiant efforts to land, as client, a particularly hard-boiled business man who would never permit friendship to sway his commercial judgment.

He liked the young man, but not enough to entrust him with his legal business. But the young lawyer persisted.

"Give me part of your business," the young attorney begged. "Give me a chance."

"All right," snapped the business man one day, "I will. Blank owes me fifty dollars. He has owed it to me for eight years. I've never been able to collect it. Now go to it. Let's see what you can do. Get me that fifty and I'll think of retaining you on more important business."

Two days later the youngster called upon the hard-boiled one.

"Here's your fifty," he said.

"Good Lord, son," gasped the business man, "you don't mean to tell me that you made that dead beat come across?"

"Well, there's the cash. I told you that all I needed was a chance."

So the business man gave the youngster quite a little work to do and found it a good investment, because the lad was clever and a hard worker.

About a month later the business man met Mr. Blank.

"Well, Blank, you came across, didn't you? That's a sweet young lawyer I have on my staff now. He must be a marvel to have got cash out of you."

"Have you gone daffy?" demanded Blank. "I never paid you any fifty dollars. Moreover, I won't. I don't owe it to you. Nobody ever got fifty dollars out of me for you. Your lawyer's kidding you."

The business man raged for awhile. Then he grinned. The kid was clever. He had made a good investment of fifty dollars of his own money to get a slice of the business he needed.

BECAUSE I feared my father I kept up in my classes in law school. I was graduated without honors, but certainly without dishonor. It was agreed that I should serve my legal apprenticeship in the offices of a firm of old-fashioned lawyers in New York City.

A wonderful pair of attorneys they were. Old-fashioned does not adequately describe them. They would have no typewriters in their offices. They had one telephone and it was hidden away in a small dark closet. Almost all of their legal papers were engrossed by a Dickensian clerk who actually used a quill pen in turning out his proudest work.

He sat on a stool and, with many flourishes and gyrations of his pen, would write the firm's name in steely, shaded Spencerian. His engrossing was a religion with him. At first the old boy fascinated me with his bewildering show.

He couldn't by any chance mark a period on one of his manuscripts without lowering the nib of his pen until it almost touched the floor and then spiraling his hand upward.

He would describe several small preliminary circles with his writing hand. Then his hand would rise in graduated spirals—getting wider and wider—until the point of his quill was poised over the spot where the period was needed.

Then he would deftly deposit the dot and sigh with vast satisfaction. Why, that ancient derived more pleasure from making a period than the ordinary man would in being presented with the cross of the Legion of Honor. How proud of his work he was!

My dislike for my profession developed into rank hatred after a little while in the offices of these two archaic barristers. Still, there was my father to consider. It would have broken his heart had I abandoned his profession. I managed to convince him that six months of that moldy office was enough. I had an opportunity to go with a younger firm and I went. I was not an outstanding success until I went over to Rudolph's side of the street.

Father had been dead a year when I had that important conference with Rudolph on the before mentioned warm afternoon in August. I knew of Rudolph. He represented everything that the ethical lawyer was and is supposed to despise and eschew. To boot, he was a rough worker; a product of the tenements of the lower East Side of New York, shrewd, courageous, unscrupulous, unmoral and ruthless. Eventually he went to prison.

I HAD gone through what money father had left me. I was very close to bankruptcy on that August afternoon. The meeting took place, by sheer accident, in a Fourteenth Street cafe. I was distinctly in the dumps. Rudolph, prosperous mentally and financially, was on the crest of the wave.

No, I wasn't seduced. I was not lured into dishonor. I yearned for action. I gladly deserted staid and unromantic conventionality and asked Rudolph to give me a running start toward fame and fortune.

"Look here, son," he said after some time and numerous drinks, "I can't do anything for you except throw a little excess business in your way. I'm up to my ears. I'm swamped by these birds who come to me steaming with lies and money.

"But you'll have to cut loose from these Pilgrim Fathers you're associated with now. You can't work it on the side. You've got to take a chance."

That's all I wanted. I cut loose. I took the chance, and kept on taking chances. I hired a little office in Twenty-third Street, in a building overrun by shysters. What a bunch of highbinders they were! This was, you must remember, nearly twenty years ago. The old timers will remember the breed of lawyers of which I speak. They used to advertise in the New York newspapers after this manner:

"I'll take your case—and win it too. Hosea X. Finkelbein, Attorney at Law, —— West Fifteenth Street."

"William Z. Criddleberry, Attorney and Counselor at Law, has handled 1,000 divorce cases and never lost. Success guaranteed. Ask anyone on Broadway."

Or:

"Want a divorce? Have other lawyers failed to get that money for you? In that case see Max Max, the lawyer. He never fails. Private detectives associated. Tell me your troubles."

What a precious brood they were! I have lost trace of many of them, but some went to jail, others ran for it when the outraged client began to make a noise, and some were disbarred. Crooked? Dear readers, they never heckled a prisoner half so guilty as they were!

MY shyster patron kept his promise. He sent me my first case of the sort which I had decided to cultivate. He must have liked me. He was surely generous. My client was a tremendously obvious lady dressed in the very last stitch of the latest style. She understood me and I very rapidly came to understand her.

"Listen," she said. "Rudolph sent me to you. He says you're a smart fellow. He's too busy to handle my case just now, and I'm looking for speed. I want you to start divorce proceedings for me; see? Two weeks ago I married a Johnny that I wouldn't have as a butler. That's what I think of him; see?

"Rudolph told me to tell you about Grace, too. Grace is my lady friend. She's going to be the woman in the case; see? It's a cinch. All we got to do is to get him, my husband, and Grace with the goods and we're all fixed, see? He's stupid enough to walk into any trap."

This was traveling pretty fast for me. Remember, it was my first case of the sort. Also I was young, and it is not easy to discard one's better ideals with a motion. Quickly the situation dawned upon me, and I give myself credit for having felt a trifle nauseated. However, I went through with it.

It happened that my client had met a young man of wholly unnecessary wealth. The meeting had occurred in a Broadway restaurant; they called such places "Lobster Palaces" then. The young fellow's parents were worth millions. His grandmother had been worth millions and died, leaving the bulk of her estate to the youth, who had come into control of it on his twenty-first birthday. He was but twenty-two when he became the unfortunate husband of my client. His mental equipment was of little service; the boy should have had a strong-arm guardian.

My client was pretty. There had been much champagne consumed that night. One of those tragic New Jersey marriages at daybreak was the result of the meeting and my client's cunning. Now, Grace, who had been a witness at

She understood me and I very rapidly came to understand her.

the wedding, was willing to act the woman in the case. Grace, my client, two private detectives and I conferred. The result was an outrageous scheme which culminated in all the necessary evidence for the divorce.

"All I'm asking for," explained my client, "is a thousand a month or fifty thousand or more in a lump. Get it for me and I'm willing to settle with you on a percentage basis."

"Ten per cent," I stipulated.

The victim balked at fifty thousand, but his family didn't. I dreaded fighting it out in court. My client and Grace would have a hard time of it had a capable lawyer got them on the stand. The whole thing was unspeakably filthy. But a young man's family wouldn't think of such publicity. They settled for fifty thousand.

THAT was my first case of the sort. I admit having had quite a battle with myself, or with my conscience, when it was over. However, I'm not going to shed late tears. That marked my start as a shyster lawyer. My well pleased client was my loudest advertisement.

I went over to her side of society without reservation. The business I sought was to be found in the circles she turned and I turned them with her. In rapid succession I handled five more cases just as rotten as the first one. The least I received for any of them was two thousand dollars.

A year of this and I associated myself with a genius whom I shall call Williams. To acquire a certificate permitting one to practice law was a far simpler matter in those days than it is now.

The proof is provided by the fact that Williams was a practicing attorney. I was no angel; but Williams was rejoicing in the fact that he was crooked. His training was an asset not to be despised. He had started his legal career as an ambulance chaser. He had clerked for one of the worst of all shysters. He started in as a barrister intent upon being as unethical as possible. He almost sneered at rectitude.

A man, he said, was a fool to ignore easy money in favor of ethics. In appearance he was dapper. Mentally he was shrewd. He had the sort of personality which made him hugely popular along Broadway.

I was successful and he was successful. Because our paths crossed so often I suggested to him that we establish a firm and that a more ambitious schedule be adhered to. He was willing. Permit me to noise it abroad that we broke speed limits.

Williams was the first lawyer I ever knew to attempt anything like an index of prospects. To be a prospect with Williams required only that one have money. For example, he kept record, in one way or another, of all men and women who might inherit fortunes.

"Everybody is a possible client," he argued. "If they ain't got money we don't want them as clients. If they have scads of it we need them in our business. Here's a young fellow who comes into money, let's say. Or maybe his people have a few millions. Anyway, let's say that he's a bit wild—likes the happy life.

"Or maybe a woman's come into a fortune. You got to handle the women differently. The old ones with a taste for life are easiest. The fortune-teller graft is easiest with them. The boy with cash is a cinch to handle, especially if he's got one of those proud families, or if he's going to marry some girl in his own set.

"Listen, Ed," Williams went on, "all that most of those birds with money are made for is to trim. Nine-tenths of them ain't got brains enough to make the splurge they want to. Nine-tenths of them are looking for a chance to get into trouble and don't know how to go about it. It's the wise birds like you and me who make the most of it by making it easy for these Johnnies to get in a jam; see?"

I SAW, but a little darkly at the moment. Later the full genius of my partner began to manifest itself and I saw things which I don't think even Rudolph thought of. I have often wondered what Williams would have come to had his brilliant career not been interrupted.

The time came when, by some process of queer reasoning, the executors of a large estate trusted him with several hundred thousand dollars. Nothing, nobody ever accomplished such a complete and rapid disappearance. I haven't the remotest idea where he is or where he went or what became of him. If by any chance Williams should read this, let it serve him as notice that I forgive him for failing to overlook that relatively small sum of mine which he thought necessary to include in his cleanup. All that I ask of him is that he dispel for me the mystery of his hiding. It would be worth it.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" That was the shyster's demand from a wealthy young man in a blackmail case. Read in the second installment of his "confessions," soon to appear in Liberty, how crooked lawyers extort money from their dupes.

"I saw his arms raised too high—his body wide open."

MY HARDEST FIGHT

"I Was Knocked Out by Firpo's First Punch, But I Went on Fighting in My Sleep!"

Jack Dempsey tells his intimate sensations during one of the roughest periods in his career—when his million dollar championship hung by a slender thread.

You have never read an article on sports like this interview with the champion

By ROBERT EDGREN

Pictures by the Author

"I felt the ropes against my back and I was ducking punches."

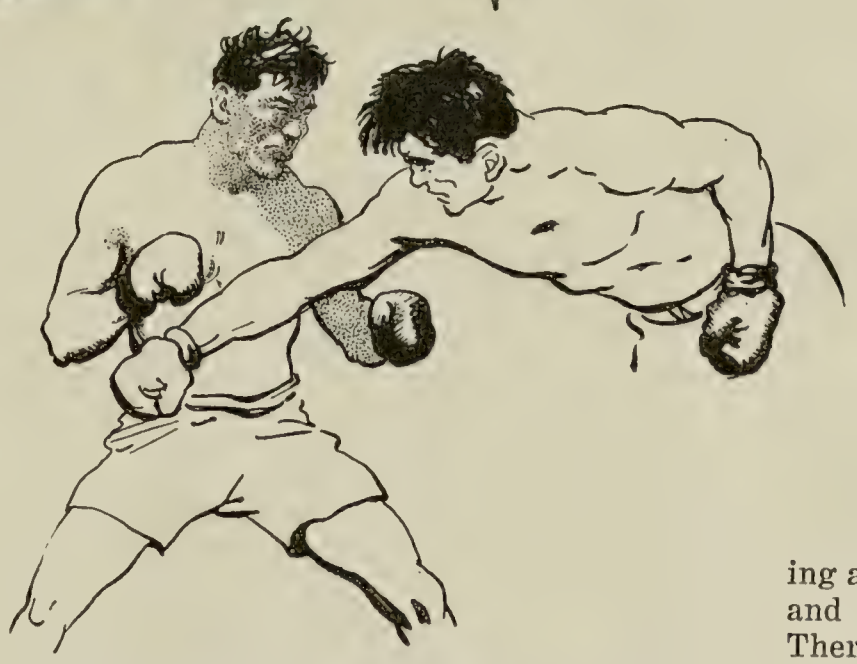
Firpo is trying to fight his way back to another chance at Dempsey's title. So this article, which reveals the champion's sensations during their last memorable engagement, has a particularly timely complexion.

"YES," said Jack Dempsey, "you can say the Firpo fight was my hardest. But use your own judgment. They're all hard when the other fellow manages to pop you on the button. The only easy fight is where you walk out and let one punch go and the bird in front of you hits the floor and stretches out for a ten count the way Carl Morris did at New Orleans. Sometimes you hit the other fellow and think it's all over, and then he lands on you like a ton of coal tossed off a skyscraper in a piano case. That's what makes fighting tough.

"You never know what will happen until they ring the last gong.

"There was that fight at Toledo when I won the championship. In the second round poor Jess Willard was a sight. He was all beaten up like an egg, and he wouldn't quit. I was just thinking it was tough, but I'd have to finish him, when I saw his right arm coming up slowly, like the walking beam on a ferryboat engine. I didn't even take the trouble to dodge.

"That big glove landed on my chin and nearly took my head off. It was the heaviest punch I ever felt. Like running into the edge of a big oak door in the dark. For about ten seconds I was so bad Jess could have knocked



"I just went back to my original plan, made him miss—and knocked him out."

me for a loop if he'd had anything left. Of course, he was too far gone.

"This Firpo fight, now—if coming within an eyelash of being knocked out of a title worth a couple of million dollars makes a fight hard, I'll admit Luis handed me the marble lined chocolate drops.

"Did you know I was knocked out in that fight, by the first punch? Well, I was. That is, my head was knocked out, but my legs weren't. They're all that saved me. The old bean was out for maybe half a minute, but the old legs kept traveling around under me, and the old arms kept working instinctively, until Luis was on the floor.

"The first thing I remember after that punch is Luis rolling over and me hunting a corner. I looked at the pictures next day, and I had to sit there and laugh at myself. There was a lot of fighting in those pictures that I didn't know anything about. It was like some other guy fighting—some guy who looked like me—my double.

"I did two months' road work before I met Firpo. If Firpo had done two months of road work, the kind I did, he might have won the championship of the world. We were both down a few times. My legs bounced me right up again. Firpo's legs didn't have any bounce in them. He got up so slowly I could move half across the ring to get at him before he was set to hit.

"That was the main difference between us, although, of course, there were other things. But my good legs saved me the title, and believe me they're going to get good treatment any time I ever train for another battle.

"You remember," Dempsey went on, "one day up at Saratoga before the fight when we sat down and talked it over, and I told you how I spent a couple of hours every day think-

ing up everything that could possibly happen and figuring what to do if it did happen? I must have had all that stored in my subconscious mind, where it wasn't knocked out of me, and that's what won the fight.

"My plans worked out even when I didn't know what I was doing. Down inside me something was pushing the right buttons just the way I'd planned to push them if Firpo happened to land on me and knock me woozy. It was that and my legs.

"I train the same way for every fight, whether I'm going to meet a champion or a dub. I did two months of road work for Firpo. When I'm knocked out some day it isn't going to be because I wasn't in shape. The other fellow is going to be better than I am, that's all.

"WHAT you want is my mental picture of my hardest fight. Is that it? Well, I'll tell you; it isn't much of a picture. The beginning is clear and the end is clear, but the middle is just a fog. Before the fight, in the afternoon, I was down along Riverside Drive, in New York City, playing on the grass with a lot of kids. I wasn't any more nervous about the fight than I would have been over shooting a squirrel with a buffalo gun.

"My plans were all made. I intended to watch Firpo's right hand like a hawk—watch his left hand, too. I was going to move fast, feint, and make him miss. Then when he'd missed me a few times and was floundering and leaving a good, clean opening you could toss a flower pot through—sock!—right on the button! Doc Kearns had it figured I couldn't miss getting him in the first round if I didn't slip on a banana peel and break my leg, and you know how Doc picks 'em.

"I got up there in the ring, and the crowd didn't bother me half as much as two waiters at my table during lunch. I'm getting used to crowds. I was sitting there looking over at Firpo and wondering whether he'd rush me at the start or wait for me to come to him when I began to notice something. I didn't get it at first. There was a lot of yelling and cheering and crowd noises and telegraph instruments going, and all that sort of thing, same as usual.

"Then, all of a sudden, it struck me. I wasn't being razzed. Nobody at all razzed me. Nobody in all that crowd! They weren't yelling at me; they were yelling for me. For the first time since Toledo I had all the crowd with me. Not like Jersey City, where a lot of people wanted the Frenchman to knock me dead, or Shelby, where I half expected some nut to take a shot at me.

"Then Joe Humphreys gave me that fine introduction, and the crowd yelled so all I could hear was the air shaking, like being under Niagara Falls. Then I got it. I wasn't only Jack Dempsey fighting for a lot of money. I was an American defending a title and I had to make good.

"FUNNY, that cheer nearly got me licked. If I'd been razzed, being used to that, I'd have gone out thinking of nothing but Jack Dempsey's own private interests and how to make Firpo miss a couple of times and leave the opening I wanted. Now I forgot my plans and decided to make good for that cheer by knocking Firpo out with the first punch. The first punch! Get that!

"I leaned over and looked for Firpo's softest spot and figured how to sock him there with the first sock.

"The bell rang. Firpo got up and started toward me, slowly. I was, maybe, two steps from Luis when I saw his arm raised too high and his body left wide open—a mark like a barn door. I could see the edge of his ribs bordering the old solar plexus Fitz discovered—the surest knock-out spot there is. Hit 'em on the jaw and they may get up and crown you, but hit 'em in the pit of the stomach, right, and they stay where they drop.

"I jumped in to get Firpo before he could lower his guard.

"I threw everything from my shoestrings up into a left hook.

"I missed.

"Something smacked me, from somewhere. I felt my knees hit the floor and kind of bounce. No, I didn't slip that first time. I was knocked down. That's where I told you my head was knocked out and my legs weren't. I saw in the pictures afterward that I bounced up against him and went on fighting. But if you want to tell about that you'll have to do it yourself. What I remember is nothing—just nothing at all—a blank.

Jack Dempsey (at the right) and Robert Edgren on a hunting trip in Montana.

"NEXT I knew I was looking through a thick fog and Firpo was on the floor. I can't remember how many times he went down—seven, they say—but I know it was more than once, because I saw him on his stomach, and rolling on his back, and on his hands and knees—all different pictures—through the fog.

"I heard the referee telling me to go to my corner, and the ring was spinning around so fast I'd dive for the first corner I saw and grab the ropes to steady myself, and look for Doc Kearns. Only once I saw a flat, white face, kind of hazy, through the ropes, and I knew that was Doc, but I couldn't get any message over. And then I was fighting again.

"I don't remember when Firpo knocked me down the second time. I remember I felt the ropes against my back, and I was ducking punches, and I knew Firpo was throwing them at me, but the fog was so thick I couldn't see him. The fog, of course, was just local, you might say. I got that way from being socked. But I guess Luis Angel wasn't much better off.

"I didn't feel the punch that knocked me out of the ring. It must have been half a push, for if I'd been hit right with a snappy blow I'd never have been able to climb back. I felt the back of my head hit something. Luckily, it wasn't a typewriter.

"Then the fog turned black and a big yellow glow came through it, like the sun rising over a mountain ridge and shining down into a deep canyon. Then two black lines came across the sun, and all of a sudden I knew they were the ropes and the sun was the overhead picture lights, and the big black blur that moved between me and the sun was Firpo looking down on me, and I'd been knocked out of the ring and had to hustle fast to get back in there in time to win.

"So I grabbed something and scrambled up and slid through the ropes and away while Firpo was punching at me. My head was clearing and the fog half lifted, but I couldn't see him very plainly. I saw his punches coming, slow, slow, and thought I was swaying, fast and clever, getting away from them, but he kept pushing me back and I couldn't stop and stand against him. That made me mad. I felt the strength coming back into my arms and hooked him a good one that jarred my shoulder.

"I DROP something there, because the next thing I remember I had an awful whiff of the smelling salts that nearly took the top off my head, and half jumped out of my chair and found I was sitting in my corner. Doc Kearns was talking to me.

"'You're slipping, Jack; you're slipping. Go get him,' Doc said.

"So I knew something serious must have happened, to worry Doc. Then my head was clear and it was just like starting the fight again. That ends the story."

"Well, go on," I said to Dempsey. "Give us your picture of the second round. There was a second round, you know."

"O, that," said Dempsey indifferently. "I just went back to my original plan; made him miss, and knocked him out. I ought to have done it the first time."

THE END

Katherine MacDonald, the motion picture star, is the most beautiful woman in America, according to Mr. Wiggam, who says that beauty and intelligence travel the ages hand in hand.

Albert Edward Wiggam
White Photo.

A GROW

An Eminent Scient in 100 Years the M thing "Unshapely an

In

ONE morning I read in a New York newspaper that a lecturer had made the following extraordinary statement to an audience in Topeka, Kansas:

"American women are growing ugly. Soon there will be no beautiful women except in paintings and statuary. Unless something is done about it, in a few generations the women of America will be a stout-legged, flat-chested, dull-witted, high-necked race."

The lecturer's name, it said, was Albert Edward Wiggam. There was no account in the report of his having been thrown out.

As it seemed to me sensational that a man would have the audacity to say such a thing I started a search for him, and found that he lived in New York City. So I went to see him and asked him to explain, but not without an uneasy feeling that he was probably plumb crazy and that I would find him making ectoplasm or working on an invention to extract the butter from hard sauce.

However, I found him sitting quietly before a typewriter under a picture of Napoleon and was immediately reassured by his appearance: a tall, angular (but not too angular), thoughtful looking man with agreeably disposed features and professional flat cheeks with a longitudinal crack in each when he smiled. He s he was from Indiana. So it is enough to that he looks as men from Indiana are suppo to look—that is, like George Ade.

He is far from crazy, this Mr. Wiggam. though he is not a professor and has no lett after his name, his writings, particularly most recent book, The New Decalogue Science, have received not only the approval much praise from scientists and other emin men who know hocus-pocus from the tru Among them are Professor Giddings of Colu bia University, Prof. Edward Murray East Harvard, Leonard Darwin, son of Charles D win; Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London; Pr E. G. Conklin of Princeton, and G. Stanley H

So you see what Mr. Wiggam has to say c be taken seriously.

"When I made that remark in Kansas," explained, "I did not mean that individual bea tiful women are growing ugly under our ve eyes.

"I meant this: The ugly and dull-witt people of the world, the hordes of immigran the slum people and the poor are having fa ilies of six or eight or even twelve childre while the handsome and distinguished people of the world are having one or two children, or none at all. These facts mean that in a few generations the world will be peopled with the children of the unintelligent and the unlovely."

I SAID with heat that I failed to see his point. The poor people of the world were not any worse looking than the rich. And they were certainly just as smart.

"They just haven't had a chance," I said, coining a phrase.

"I know," he replied, patiently, and a little sadly. "That's what all good believers in democracy say. But biologists know better. I don't say that all the poor are miserable dubs and I know that some of our handsomest people came to this country as immigrants. But I also know this—*that the vast majority of the low-born people of the world are much, much inferior as human specimens to the well born.*

"There is a lot of romancing about the bright-eyed, red-cheeked immigrants. But I have studied thousands of them as they are unloaded at Ellis Island, keeping careful records. The vast majority are unshapely and slow-witted. And it is these people who are filling America with their children.

"And this is the way it will come about. In

E WOMEN ING UGLY?

hinks the Idealized American Girl Is Doomed—That Pot Will Make Her Slim, Graceful Beauty Into Some- Witted." For Beauty and Brains, He Says, Go Together

By BRENDA UELAND

A Czecho-Slovakian immigrant girl, one of the types destined to exercise a profound influence on the future of America, according to Albert Edward Wiggam, lecturer and author.

one hundred eighty years from now there will be 197,247,000 people in the United States, according to Prof. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University. This number may vary a few millions either way, but not by any larger figures.

"Now, I know that business men and amateur economists will protest at the smallness of this number, saying at the present rate of increase there ought to be nearly four times that many people by that time. But Professor Pearl has worked this out with the most painstaking and delicate calculations, so you will have to take his word for the fact.

"Now what sort of people will those 197,247,000 be? We who are biologists say that at the present birth rate, they will be a very poor sort indeed. They will be much inferior to the people who are living now. There will be fewer and fewer leaders and great men. And without these, civilization is lost. We say that in a few generations nobody will be smart enough to enter our colleges unless the requirements are lowered."

A Norwegian rose, snapped by the camera at Ellis Island. Here is another factor in the future America.

A clear-eyed maiden of Germanic strain. The post-war period is bringing numerous examples of this type to the United States.

The piquant Russian type also is a powerful element in the melting pot.

Another comely girl immigrant of the Slavic races that have sent so many representatives to this country in recent years.

Photos by Paul Thompson

"But in the history of the world," I said, "hasn't it always been the poor who have had large families and populated the world, while the rich have had small ones?"

"No," Mr. Wiggam replied. "Only two generations ago the best people in America, the millionaires, the lawyers, the doctors, and influential men, the homesteaders, and the skilled mechanics were having large families. Often ten and twelve children.

"Now the thing that discourages those of us who want the people of America to grow better with each succeeding generation is this gloomy fact: that where a measly and inferior race comes in and breeds and overruns the place, the superior race seems to get discouraged, begins to decrease its birth rate, to draw away and finally to vanish. One hundred and four Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. In eight generations at their present birth rate all true living descendants can be sent back in another boat of the same size.

"THERE is cause for the terrifying multiplication of the inferiors of the world. Only about two hundred years ago this world was such a hard place to live in that the weak and the stupid died from sickness, cold, and starvation. The vicious and criminal, because of the hard-hearted laws of those days, were shot and hanged by the thousand. As a result the only people who were able to live and grow up and have large families were the strong and intelligent ones. So the earth was being continually replenished with strong and intelligent children.

"But since then, especially in America, there is, all of a sudden, plenty of heat and food for everybody. There are great organized charities to feed the incompetent. There are million dollar foundations to cure them of their sicknesses. We have 'ameliorated the conditions of life.' What is the result? Life is so easy now that the incompetent, weak, and stupid can live. And their children (and this will shock you) will be no better looking, no more intelligent than themselves.

"There are two great sentimental nebulosi-

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ties. First, that all men are born equal. They are all born unequal. This man is born brilliant. This man is born feeble-minded. This man is energetic. This man, listless. This one, good natured. This one, fiery.

"The other nebulosity is that God will raise up leaders from among the people. Well, my answer to that is that leaders come not by prayer but by germ cells. Also that more than half of the great men of the world have been sons of great men, or at least of eminent, distinguished and well-off parents.

"Another great popular nebulosity is that luxury, wealth, ease, rich food cause people to degenerate; to become either bums, or immoral. This is bunk. Luxury alone never did any harm to any person with an inheritance of brains and energy. Usually it does a great deal of good—all the movie scenarios to the contrary."

RETURNING to the subject of immigrants and the poor in general I said, "I have always been led to believe that a poor, downtrodden wretch who comes to America and gets plenty of beefsteak and cream and lives in a steam heated tenement is going to have children much larger and livelier and smarter and better looking than himself and his wife."

But Mr. Wiggam shook his head.

"No. Heredity doesn't work that way. If your father went crazy from getting hit on the head with a brick, you do not inherit his cracked brain but only his inability to dodge bricks. And just so, a thousand years of 'improving' the parents will not improve the children.

"I will say this, though. The hard-driven and brutalized man who enters a happier environment, and gets better food and more leisure will acquire a more delicate and sensitive nervous system. And, of course, a happier environment is excellent for the individual as it will bring out all the possibilities in him. But it will bring out no more intelligence or energy than he received in the first place from his parents. And energy is the most distinctively inherited character we have.

"The socialists and such people think that nearly all the misery and happiness in the world are owing to our surroundings—to whether or not we have good food and nice clothes and plenty of education. Biologists believe that almost all misery and happiness are owing to what you inherited from your parents. If you inherited brains, courage, and beauty you will surely earn enough money to buy clothes and food, and you will become educated even if it isn't forced on you. If you inherited weakness and timidity and ugliness, then you will be miserable.

"It is not the slums that make slum people. It is slum people who make the slums. It is not the church that makes good people. It is good people who make the church.

"And we have already begun to slip backward biologically. Although certain germ diseases have been fought successfully, functional diseases like cancer, diabetes, Bright's disease, diseases of the arteries, have increased.

"Also *there are far fewer highly intelligent people per thousand than there used to be. The meek and the lowly are about to inherit the earth.* Already these—the insane, the feeble-minded, the criminal, etc.—are absorbing nearly one-half the time and money of civilization. And their numbers are increasing by leaps and bounds with each generation.

"And so," Mr. Wiggam concluded, "that is why I say that soon there will be no more beautiful women and handsome men."

"But why do you stress beauty? Is it so important?"

And this question led to Mr. Wiggam's pet theory. The authorship of the theory belongs, he said, to his friend Prof. Frederick Adams Woods of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is it:

Beauty is important because it is more than skin deep.

A beautiful person is almost always intelligent.

And if beautiful and intelligent he is almost sure to have a high moral sense.

In other words, *physical beauty is an indication of superiority in mind and soul.*

Professor Woods made an exhaustive study of the royal families of Europe. He found that the people with bright minds were better looking than the people with dull minds; that spirited and energetic and willful people had more pleasing features and better proportioned bodies than the dull and listless. And in the long run, the mentally able were morally good.

Havelock Ellis, said Mr. Wiggam, has also come to the same conclusion. In his study of the lives of 1,030 of the most famous men of the British Isles, Mr. Ellis writes:

"A very large proportion of them are referred to as notably handsome, comely, imposing. It is found that all descriptions agree in noting an unusual brilliance of the eyes."

"As for the great women of the past," Mr. Wiggam said, "out of a group of fifteen of the most famous women that ever lived, nine of them were not just handsome, but were raving, tearing beauties!"

Well, I allowed myself to be persuaded that great people have usually been beautiful. But I was not convinced that beautiful people are usually good.

"There was Byron," I said. "He was a beauty. But he was a bad man of the first water."

"He was," Mr. Wiggam agreed. "It is true there have been a few people in whom were combined both beauty and intelligence, who were also bad—dissolute. Three of them stand out—Byron, Robert Burns, and Poe. Nevertheless there have been very few of these. Of course the prominence of the great has always caused commonplace and conventional people to examine the details of their lives and find things therein to disapprove of. But I don't call Lord Nelson immoral because he fell out of love with his wife and in love with Lady Hamilton. Or Shelley because he believed in free love. Or George Eliot because she lived with a man she wasn't married to. No. Almost all great men and women have had morals much more elevated than those of ordinary people. I mean that they have been people motivated by honor and courage and by a steady flow of good will and kindness and generosity and altruism."

I HAD nothing more to say, all my arguments having been beaten down. Mr. Wiggam probably saw the profound depression stealing over me.

"But," he said, "don't be too frightened about what is happening to America. Now we are coming to the cheerful part. And here it is.

"As I have explained to you, I believe that the surest sign of a superior people is that they are beautiful. If you can develop a race of beauties, you will find that you have a race of brilliant and good people as well. Now the hopeful thing about all this is that if people can be taught to want to become beautiful, their longing will be fulfilled. If we can only induce men to want beautiful women, and women to want handsome men, they will begin to appear on this gloomy earth.

"The ancient Greeks wanted beautiful women and got them. Rome wanted beautiful women and got them. The Dark Ages did not care for beautiful women, in fact did not know what a beautiful woman was. So there weren't any in that period. Cromwell and his Roundheads did not want beautiful women. In fact they preferred them plain, having an erroneous idea that beautiful women were likely to be bad. So plain women they got.

"Now," Mr. Wiggam continued, "if we can induce men to long for beautiful women; if we can make them willing to marry only those women who are beautiful; if ugliness can be made more and more repulsive, so that the scrawny and the hoggish, the chinless and the goggle-eyed and the brutish will not be invited to marry, then there is hope for the future people of America. They will be handsome and intelligent and good.

"In educating people to admire physical beauty all sorts of things help: athletics, prize fights, the theater—particularly Ziegfeld and the other glorifiers of the American girls—the movies, fashions, and all other things that stimulate personal vanity.

"I know that Ziegfeld says that there are more beautiful girls in America now than formerly and I accept Ziegfeld as an authority on the subject of feminine beauty. But his statement can be explained. Professor Woods has found that in certain localities, like the vicinity of Boston, for instance, where for a few generations there has been much intermarriage among good looking and intelligent citizens—the number of beautiful girls per hundred people has been increased. And more than that, the quality of their beauty is probably higher than that of their grandmothers. But this fact does not spoil my contention that the people of the country as a whole are getting uglier.

"AS for the looks of a people changing with a change in their ideals, for some time and (for some unknown reason) Americans have been admiring lean, athletic, long-legged, narrow-hipped, quick-stepping women. These are now jamming Fifth Avenue. And as long as this admiration keeps up there will be more and more of them. Perhaps this kind of lady will be our national type."

"Can you name some beautiful women?" I asked.

"With pleasure. Ethel Barrymore, Rubye de Remer, Mary Garden, Jeritza, Queen Alexandra, Geraldine Farrar, Irene Castle, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt."

"Who, in your opinion, is the most beautiful woman in America?"

"Katherine MacDonald."

As there was a sharp protest from myself and Mrs. Wiggam who had just entered the room (and who is very handsome), Mr. Wiggam recanted, hastening to explain that he had not really closely observed this particular movie actress—just a fleeting impression.

"Pass that over," he said. "The point I want to make is that if a nation loves beautiful people enough, why that nation will get them by the million. And surely there is no more cheering fact than that in all the world."

"But the trouble is," I said, "if we fill America with beautiful and intelligent people they will, in consequence, be kind and so do all they can to make life easy for the ugly and the bad. What about that?"

"That," he said, "is the devil of it!" Or words to that effect.

THE END

Don't Patronize Employes

By EARLE C. REEVES

Pictures by
J. J. GOULD

"No!" Mr. Blank would reply. "This is the Super-Black scheme!"

A Timely Labor Day Article on the Puncturing of the "Industrial Welfare System" Bubble

IN a certain city there are two great manufacturing plants. When business is good they about divide the man power of the city. Not long ago business began to improve. Bidding for the best labor soon would be inevitable.

Smith called in experts and installed a "welfare" department. He built an auditorium, playgrounds, movie theater, dance hall, rest rooms, and so on, with staffs of the kindliest folk he could find—at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars.

Smith was proud of it all. He was a manufacturer and no great student of psychology, ethics, or sociology; but this was the proper thing to do, any way you looked at it. He wasn't merely getting mellow in his old age, he reassured himself. Look at the shop reports! They show higher production per man. Jones, on the other hand, is mossbacked, old fashioned. It serves him right to lose his best hands.

Smith was right. Philanthropy was paying. Many a good man left Jones and put his name on the Smith pay roll in order to work in an "up to date" plant.

But as the glamour of newness wore off several hundred free American citizens who worked with their hands because that was a good way of making a living discovered they were being patronized. Why, even the company movies tried to "uplift" them.

The "Bill Macguires" of the plant didn't feel any need of uplift merely because they wore their white collars chiefly on Sundays. And the welfare workers were trying to tell "Mrs. Macguire" how to raise her family, when she knew perfectly well that she knew a thing or two about it herself and could prove it by five strapping youngsters.

Attendance at the various company attractions fell off. Then the kindly folk who had been imported to run the show urged and invited attendance.

"If he's got so much money to spend on us, let him put it in the pay envelope," the welfare workers were told, and attendance fell faster.

The Jones employment office was busy listing the best industrial hands in the city, following a notice of adjusted piece rates and extra rates for overtime.

SMITH got the whole story in time, and awoke to the discovery that his rival had captured a big majority of the men who carried under their hats more than nerve centers for the direction of reflex action.

Smith started "deflating" his welfare plant. One morning a number of experts in welfare

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work found themselves outside. A young chap from the machine shop who had a pair of shoulders and a jaw and a knack of handling men was assigned to the job of finding whether any part of the expensive "welfare plant" was necessary, and, if so, what.

All this actually occurred. It is none the less true because I cannot put my finger on the map and say, "It happened there, and Smith was Mr. So-and-so." The man who told me about it is a friend of Smith. Normally Smith is a very keen business man and he is not proud of having thrown away three hundred thousand dollars. Hence the censorship.

My friend, in relating this story, said Smith's experience was typical of industry.

Clever industrial agents have presented to the public the sunny side of the welfare story. What about the "other side"? The trail which I followed in searching for light on that question led me into direct and indirect contact with many industries, but I could not find a single "interviewable" Smith. Yet the further I searched the more clear it became that there is a Smith in every industry. Smith's story is typical.

ONLY a few months ago the United States Steel Corporation issued a pretentious booklet describing its welfare work, while the president of the United Textile Workers assured me that the American Woolen Company even goes so far at Lawrence, Massachusetts, as to distribute ice cream and cake. Much of the raw labor of the steel and textile industries is not Americanized, but where the "Bill Macguires" work one gets a different tale.

The executives of General Electric and Westinghouse Corporations are known as "progressive," forward looking men, yet these great companies were forced to drop—very quietly—a number of welfare innovations. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company had a labor record which was the envy of many American industrial leaders, but it has been less than a year since formal announcement was made of discontinuance at its plant of such welfare features as sewing classes, domestic science courses, calisthenics, and instruction in social hygiene "because employés do not seem to want them."

Armour's reorganization carried with it several significant changes in "labor handling" policy. I was told that the Colt welfare program had been cut eighty per cent. Union Carbide and Carbon, which operates eighty-seven plants, formerly had a record for outings and picnics and for baseball league activities so extensive as to include investment in uniforms, bats, gloves, playing fields, and good jobs for crack players. But all that is no more. The Loose-Wiles Biscuit company tossed a moving picture outfit into the discard when fourteen hundred girls pointedly avoided the shows. Underwood Typewriter faced a serious situation at one time over a revolt against company dining room, recreation rooms, gymnasium, guilds, and social clubs before reducing the program to practical dimensions.

In a certain New England town only the intervention of leaders prevented textile workers from dumping several company pool tables into a stream which runs under the window of the plant, while in another place announcement of the erection of a ring for boxing matches in the "community house" of the company caused employés to go downtown and hire a hall and stage their own bouts. These are a few, and only a few, typical instances of welfare deflation.

In the last year or so the "welfare bubble" has burst and there has been a great rebound from the practice of such so-called benevolence in industry. Millions have been wasted in this manner. Gradually a new sanity is developing in the clattering front office and in the mahogany furnished directors' room.

The period from which industry is emerging was one of a peculiar form of insanity. A man who has spent ten years working for manufacturers and helping guide their national policies gave me this graphic summary of what occurred:

During and immediately after the war labor was at a premium. Industry was like Main Street in a small town. The man who could put up the finest show window got the customers—or the workmen.

Somebody interested Black in a grand scheme for taking care of his men. It was new and attracted many to his pay roll. He began filling his orders almost on time, and Brown, his competitor, was on the verge of distraction when in walked Mr. Blank of Seattle. He had a welfare scheme.

"Is it the Black system?" Brown would ask.

"No," Mr. Blank would reply; "this is the super-Black scheme."

"Fine! What do I have to do?"

"Not a thing, Mr. Brown. You just sign right here—and sign the checks."

Brown signed and thought he had purchased a panacea for all labor ills.

"His biggest mistake," said the speaker, "consisted in delegating a problem of relations between men and management to an outsider, and an amateur at that."

HERE and there a manufacturer drafted a superintendent or an assistant superintendent into the job of dispensing industrial philanthropy.

I ran across some of these "old timers"—hard headed, practical men—and in their plants the schemes of helpfulness are not topheavy with theory or embellished with unpopular frills. These men made it clear that they had been hired by the company to look after the company's interest, and that it was to the company's interest to keep its workmen fit. That's a business proposition, and "Bill Macguire" gets it.

These "old timers" will wave mellow pipes as they tell how parlor theorists descended upon the factory districts from this and that organization, army service departments, social service bureaus, and fresh from the colleges, and stepped out with sublime faith to tackle the most baffling industrial problem of the day—the human equation.

In a plant which contained twenty-two thousand personal equations a blue jawed, level eyed "old timer" snorted his contempt.

"Superannuated ministers," he said. "Anybody that was out of a job. Theorists. They held committee meetings. They divided and subdivided their jobs and became entangled in red tape. They went into the shop and slapped a man on the back and called him 'Bill,' and asked him about his family. And like as not his name was 'Jack' and he was a bachelor! They made the shops distrustful, suspicious of anybody who wore a white collar. They set us back—ten years, maybe."

Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, voiced the position of organized labor to the writer when the "welfare" subject was broached.

"Let us suppose," Mr. Morrison said, "that the proprietors of magazines built clubhouses for writers and had them lectured to, examined their homes, and took them on outings in a body. Would the writers accept this paternalism? I guess not.

"Advocates of welfare work assume a superior attitude that is identical with the viewpoint of the feudal barons. The modern feudalist realizes it is unwise openly to profess his belief, so he finds expression in welfare work and other forms of watchfulness. The abandonment of welfare work means employers have discovered that the workers have discovered them."

Morrison is employed by labor: now read what Earl Constantine, who is employed by capital, has to say on the subject.

"Manufacturers salved their consciences by employing somebody to do their welfare work," said Mr. Constantine, who is chief of staff for the National Association of Manufacturers. "They made this mistake because, while they were mature men industrially, they were children at group psychology."

THE industrial "welfare worker" has failed. Smith bears a large measure of responsibility. He is a misguided feudal baron, or a child at group psychology. His hired betterment man was a bungling theorist, or an outsider hopelessly handicapped. Pick an interpretation to suit your taste, but one cannot dodge the fact of failure.

Smith cleaned house. Thousands of Smiths have learned a costly lesson.

Consider some of the men who are making real progress in handling the personal equation in industry where the welfare worker failed.

I talked with a man whose job is the handling of the human problems of more than fifty plants. He did not want his name nor his firm's name mentioned.

"Not because I am modest nor because the firm objects to advertising," he said, and paused thoughtfully. "I doubt if anybody, anywhere, gets along better with his wife than I do with mine," he said, "but if I were to write an essay or give an interview on 'Getting Along with Your Wife'—well—we'd never get on quite so well after that."

In a few words he revealed a new philosophy. Industrial philanthropy was press agented.

Did you ever hear of Richard Rice? He is a general manager. In Lynn, Massachusetts, he stands up before regular employé meetings and answers freely the most intimate sort of

Every time Labor Day rolls around, we are minded of those times in the dim past when it was the fad to "uplift" the Working Man. Professional uplifters were engaged—cheer leaders and personnel directors. They affected a hearty good will toward "the boys" and treated them as if they were mild-mannered morons in a Prussian kindergarten! But the "uplift," in a great many instances, was a flop. Bill, the machine tender, didn't like to have his play mapped out for him. "Can the frills," he said, when finally his opinion was asked. "Put it in the pay envelope!"

They slapped a man on the back and called him "Bill" and asked after his family. And his name was Jack and he was a bachelor!

questions about the company's business. But he will not be interviewed.

Do you know anything about Arthur Young? Recently he amazed a convention of bosses by declaring that the word "grievance" had been ironed out of the industrial dictionary in dozens of International Harvester plants. But the speech was not published.

When Harry B. Thayer, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, urged the heads of Bell System subsidiary companies to appoint executives to specialize in personnel problems, he said:

"None of you has too big a man in your organization for the job."

Then he selected E. K. Hall, vice president, to handle for the two billion dollar phone system the kind of human problems Smith had delegated to amateur outsiders. Hall says the job of the "welfare worker's" successor is this:

"To mobilize the productive power of society by treating employés more like partners and less like servants; by giving them a broader and a squarer deal; by giving them a real part and a real interest in industry."

In the United States there are about a thousand "personnel directors" trying to sweep up the clutter that was left when the "Welfare Bubble" burst.

At the employment office "Bill Macguire" is treated as a human being who has something valuable to sell. Inside the plant executives try simple things like seeing that Bill gets a job which fits him and makes him happy. They aim to give him a chance to learn how to hold a better job. They have discarded the uplift stuff and are trying to see that the money previously wasted in frills goes into the pay envelope.

These men are members of a new profession, working without precedents; doing what they can, a little at a time. And their methods all boil down to one thing—a square deal.

THE END

BEWARE *of the* BATHTUB!

Some Timely Hints on Dodging Death (Wherever You May Be)

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

Forty-seven per cent of all claims paid by accident insurance companies are on mishaps incurred in the home and incident to recreation, exclusive of motoring.

Once upon a time when Mark Twain was about to take a railroad journey the agent tried to sell him insurance against being killed en route.

"Thank you, no," replied Mark, "I have seen statistics which prove that the vast majority of deaths occur in bed. I will be glad to take a policy insuring me against that."

THE first thing Cole Wells of High City did after signing his accident insurance papers was to tilt his chair back to brag about it. Cole weighs more than two hundred, and that chair had been in the Wells family for five or six generations.

There was a cracking, a rushing noise, and a fearful clatter. Cole was on the floor, the back of his neck having reached there first. The chair had done what the one hoss shay did one hundred years to a day after the deacon had finished it. Ed Tillotson, the insurance agent, paid Cole for that fall.

On the next day Cole fell down stairs. Two days later the cat bit him.

"Cole," said Ed Tillotson, "this thing's got to stop. The company's going to investigate and there's no telling what might happen."

"Didn't *I* fall out of that chair?" roared Cole. "Didn't *I* slip on them steps? Didn't that damned cat nip *me?* Tell the company to go to hell and take its policy with it. Nothing ever happened to *me* before you badgered *me* into signing them papers."

Two days later Cole, still sore from the two falls and with his hand bandaged as a result of the cat bite, was limping down Main Street leading a colt. Over in Joelville, on the opposite side of a river, a mile wide, is a slaughter house.

Of course, Cole couldn't know any more than the rest of us High City folks that a steer had broken loose and had taken command of the streets over in Joelville. And how were we to know that the big brute was amphibian?

The steer emerged from the river at the moment Cole and his colt were turning into Water Street. It uttered a wild bellow, scaring the colt into bolting. The colt jerked so hard that Cole was flipped over, falling on his lame back. Before Cole could move the steer was upon him. It stamped on Cole's chest with all four of its hoofs, breaking three of Cole's ribs.

It was during a hot spell, but the nurses at the hospital had to keep the windows of Cole's room shut so as not to offend the neighbors with his sulphurous language. And while it isn't worth mentioning, it is a fact that Cole's chicken coop was struck by lightning while he was in the hospital and it happened at six o'clock in the evening, when Cole would ordinarily have been saying a personal good night to his fowls.

Cole Wells' hard luck story is on record in the offices of one of the important insurance companies in New York City, and a casual survey of the accident files would warrant awarding the palm to him.

Nothing with so much succession appears in the files of the company from which these data were obtained. Yet Henry Hollister gets honorable mention.

Henry is the father of a number of children, the youngest of which was but a year old. The baby had a large ebony-hued nurse who loved him devotedly, but was inclined to be a trifle awkward.

ONE afternoon the nurse carried baby to the bathroom for ablutionary rites. She set down her spacious foot upon a piece of soap and the result was suggestive of a dry launching of a battle cruiser.

When the nurse came to a halt on the tiled floor, the baby was underneath. Fortunately the nurse was soft. The baby was unconscious for a brief time, but recovered and inherited no lasting injuries.

Henry Hollister was at the Elks Club at the time. They telephoned him to hurry home, but refrained from telling him what had happened. When he reached the house his first intimation of disaster were the nurse's wails; then he saw the unconscious baby.

Henry collapsed. He had a nervous breakdown. He tried to go to work, but couldn't. The doctors ordered him to take a sea voyage, during the first days of which he became seasick. In a particularly vicious attack he stumbled against a stanchion, opening a cut over his eye. He was ashore at Panama long enough to catch dengue fever and was taken to a hospital which was all but destroyed by fire a day or so later.

Henry got well and got home just in time to discover that his planing mill was being taken over by the sheriff. Henry was a bankrupt. After that Henry's luck began to mend and he drops out of our story, because this writing ceases when there is nothing more of a calamitous nature to write.

Now, if you'll notice, both Cole Wells' and Hollister's initial mishaps occurred in their

Rattling down the stairs with Mr. Hapwyn in command.

The Most Dangerous Place in the World for a Man Is Home, Sweet Home—According to Accident Insurance Records!

The colt jerked so hard that Cole was flipped over.

respective homes, which fetches us to the first stage of our story. If you care to look over the records of the Accident and Health Society of New York, from which all the cases cited herein are taken, or the files of any accident insurance company or the National Safety Council, you will discover that the most hazardous place for you to be is in your own home.

And inside the home the most hazardous place to be is in the bathtub.

You have no idea what can happen to you at home until you talk to a few managers of claims departments. First, the bathtub! The files contain records of everything from death by electric shock and drowning to fractures of the legs, arms, spinal vertebræ, and skulls.

There is the case, for example, of the banker who, standing in his tub, tried to turn on the electric light. His wet finger touched the metal socket and he died. Then the man who, having thrown a cake of soap into the water, slipped on the soap and broke his leg.

TO be sure, the automobile has the highest individual score. The latest reports of the National Safety Council have it that 75,300 persons were killed by automobiles in 1922.

But the home is composed of a number of things which in their aggregate claim a greater total of accident victims than the motor car. Next to the bathtub as a source of casualties we have the hardwood floor and the skidding it invites. One company alone paid ninety thousand dollars last year to victims of the glistening hardwood.

Then comes *baby's playful finger*. No fewer than two hundred and thirty-six claims were paid by one concern to fathers and mothers into whose eyes the pride and joy of the household poked a finger or two.

Then one pricks one's finger, often at home, and, if insured, collects for it. Also, the untrained use of the hatchet results in disconcerting mishaps. Next the man who insists upon being his own mechanic. The files produce the name of James O'Meara of Kokomo.

Mr. O'Meara owned an accident insurance policy. Also his house was insured against fire and storm. It was in the fall of 1923 that Mr. O'Meara ventured into his cellar clad in overalls to put the furnace into prime condition. He crawled into the huge galvanized cylinder which was the body of the warmth producer and with him he took (for some obscure reason) a bottle of gasoline.

There was a terrific explosion in which Mr. O'Meara was expelled with great force from the furnace. He was not seriously injured, although the experience did him no good.

Did we mention falling down the home stairs? If not, please accept it as a fact that more than $250,000 was paid by one large company last year to persons who fell down stairs.

CUTS incidental to shaving, slipping on rugs, falls from chairs tilted too far back are numerous, but ahead of them come broken or sprained toes.

Mr. Wilkes arises from his bed at one o'clock in the morning. He gropes for the light, misses it, and fares forth in the dark. Bang! Mr. Wilkes' foot encounters some article of furniture.

Howard H. Hapwyn of St. Louis had the ride of his life one night while groping through the darkness. Mr. Hapwyn is accustomed to riding, being a locomotive engineer, but this was a trip with which no railroad journey was comparable. Also he was carrying a revolver.

He reached the hall outside his room and deposited his right foot upon his youthful son's express wagon. In falling, Mr. Hapwyn did so in a manner which flopped him into the express wagon in a sitting position. The wagon started on its mad career, making the head of the stairs in nothing flat and rattling down the stairs with Mr. Hapwyn well in command until half the flight had been covered.

There Mr. Hapwyn and the wagon parted company and the rest of the flight must be left to your individual imaginations. There were two pistol shots. The crashing and the shooting aroused not only the family, but the immediate neighborhood. Police appeared. The vicinity was in an uproar for an hour. Mr. Hapwyn was discovered in a dazed condition with the remains of the wagon encircling his neck.

"I got up," said Mr. Hapwyn to the insurance adjuster, "because I heard a noise downstairs. Thinking it might be burglars, I took my gun. And that's about all I remember."

It just goes to show how dangerous home can be.

And then there is Mrs. Eliza Phelps, who, hale and hearty, bounded into bed one evening

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Look What These Men Are Earning

J. R. Morgan of Columbus, Ohio, earns from $30.00 to $50.00 a day since completing my course. He used to earn $5.00 a day as a carpenter's helper. W. E. Pence, a $35.00 mechanic of Albany, Ore., made almost $10,000.00 last year doing electrical work in a town where he didn't think he could earn a dime. Harold Hastings, of Somers, Mass., only 21 years old, cleans up $480.00 a month. He was still in high school when he started on my course. Joe Cullari, 523 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J., increased his income 300 per cent in one year and frequently makes the entire cost of his course back in one day's time. John Jirinec, 1133 Fourth Ave., Astoria, L. I., New York, makes $800.00 to $1,000.00 every month doing electrical work. He was a $15.00 a week man when he first came to me for help.

Other Men Like You Are Doing It You Can Do It Too

Last year 4280 of my students and graduates reported better jobs and pay increases. Names of some of them are in the panel directly above. These men all earn from $60 to $200 a week, and they are the happiest and most prosperous bunch of men you ever saw.

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The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

with such vehemence that she sprained her back so badly that she remained there for two weeks. And it is interesting that Miss Mary Z. Bienswanger of Testament, Wyoming, suffered a painful accident while bent upon applying her eye to the keyhole of the door of the parlor of her home. She did not notice that a key was in the lock and the shank thereof projecting from that side of the keyhole to which she was addressing herself. Result: the key skewered her eye. She was insured and, because the contract said nothing about spying, Miss Bienswanger collected.

SLIPPING on icy pavements is a common accident. There is the case of John Burroughs of Indianapolis, who, leaving his house one winter morning, blithely stepped upon the ice-coated pavement and ceased skidding only when struck by a large can (almost full) which dropped from a milk wagon, the horse of which saw Mr. Burroughs coming and shied.

In shying, the horse had flipped the milk container out of the wagon. Mr. Burroughs sprained his back; he received a cold milk bath; the can broke his nose. He was assisted to his bed, where he developed pneumonia. The insurance company all but adopted Mr. Burroughs.

There is a man who received large indemnity after watching an inventor test a pane of bullet-proof glass. This happened in Hoboken, New Jersey, where, given time, virtually anything can happen.

The inventor had finished talking to a body of business men to whom he was endeavoring to sell stock in his enterprise. He conducted them to a field where his assistant had set up a window equipped with his unpierceable glass. He took a forty-five caliber revolver and, warning the business men aside, fired.

The bullet did not break the glass. Instead, it flattened against the glass, rebounded, and ripped the ear of one of the business men.

One case of motor car accidents which landed the originator in jail is worth reading.

Mike Soki owned a flivver. He signed up for insurance which would protect him against losses by suit for damages inflicted by his car upon innocent pedestrians. Pretty soon Mike ran down a gentleman whose shoulder was injured. The man collected one thousand dollars. Mike dropped that policy and took out another in another company. Again Mike bowled over a citizen, injuring his shoulder, and the second company paid the victim one thousand dollars. The second victim's name was Joe, that of the first was John.

Mike took out a policy in a third company, and again he ran down a man, one whose name was Edward. The company was about to give Edward one thousand dollars for his injured shoulder when one of the officials recalled that he had heard of Mike before.

In the legal battle ensuing it developed that Mike had a brother with a shoulder which would do almost anything asked of it—one of those triple jointed shoulders which can be thrown in and out of place at will. The brother was Joe, John, and Edward. Mike and Edward went to jail for a term.

FOR a while the accident insurance dealers made quite a problem of the following: It was the contention of some that the New Yorker and the Chicagoan were looked upon as better risks than the dweller in Elmira or in Sioux City. Their argument was this: that the New Yorker and the Chicagoan had become so accustomed to dodging traffic and taking their lives between thumb and forefinger every time they ventured upon their teeming streets that self-preservation had become almost subconscious with them and that they were far more alert.

But that was settled after some thought and observation. Whereas the New Yorker and the Chicagoan were better dodgers, the citizens of Elmira and Sioux City had less to dodge.

THE premiums you pay for accident insurance depend upon the hazards you assume in your occupation. For instance, the lowest rate is granted professional men—doctors, lawyers, clergymen—and to persons confined to offices, shops, stores, and the like. Such persons are classified as "preferred."

The next to the lowest rate goes to the extra preferred class—actors, jewelry mechanics, musicians, and others who by a slight accident to throat, fingers, and arms and legs, are rendered one hundred per cent incapacitated.

The designation "extra preferred" is somewhat misleading, although such this class is called. At first the occupations coming under this heading were considered no greater risks than those enjoying the lowest premium rate. But experience proved otherwise and, for some reason which even insurance men are at a loss to define, the word "extra" was added to create a dividing line.

Then, a step higher, come the ordinary risks, such as foremen on construction work, and after that there are many subdivisions of the hazardous and extra hazardous classes. Those who work in explosive factories are out of insurance altogether. They are looked upon as prohibitive risks. They must look to the compulsory compensation laws for succor when they are hurt at work.

THE END

The Thief of Bagdad

A Motion Picture Review

By Alva Taylor

Douglas Fairbanks and Julanne Johnston, his leading lady, doing Prince and Princess stuff in the fantasy, The Thief of Bagdad.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD has been running in New York and a few other cities for several months. It is not, in the sense of release dates, a new picture. But it will never grow old, even as the Arabian Nights, of which it is a glorious and brilliant film version, will never die.

We dropped in to see it again in New York recently, and once again the picture, and Douglas Fairbanks, cast a spell upon us. To us it is a miracle of splendor and magical charm. Perhaps we are biased. The Arabian Nights has always been a source of joy to us, and in our eye Douglas Fairbanks can do no wrong. This is his best picture.

He is the ragged and roguish "thief of Bagdad," who "takes what he wants," until, wanting the daughter of the most high Caliph, he tries to take her, only to find that he loved her too much to steal her away. She is a princess, he only a thief. But in the Arabian Nights all such deficiencies can be fixed up, with the aid of a great deal of magic.

"I love a princess," confessed the thief to the Moslem priest.

"Make yourself a prince," answered the true believer, which the thief proceeded to do. But it was no easy job. He journeyed through valleys of devouring flames and foul monsters, endured many terrors, passed through dangers where many before him had failed. And, finally, having won a magic chest, he rescued the princess and all Bagdad from the clutches of the Mongolian prince, and, himself a prince, married his beloved princess.

Into this one picture are rolled so many of the fascinating marvels of the fairy tales of our childhood that one gasps with amazement and delight. There is the magic rope which, upon the pronouncement of certain incantations, obligingly shoots up into the air, ready for scaling the highest walls. There is the magic carpet, an Arabian Nights specialty, beautifully conceived and photographed. It acquires a celerity of motion through the clouds that must have exceeded even Arabian Nights speed limits.

It is the second half of The Thief of Bagdad especially which scintillates with the magic of the oriental fairy tales. Here we follow the ex-thief on his tortuous journey for the magic chest, to the old man of the midnight sea. We follow him as he dives to the bottom of the sea, where he finds the star-shaped key which admits him to the abode of the winged horse. Upon this miraculous steed our would-be prince reaches the celestial palace where is the magic chest, wrapped in a cloak of invisibility. With this chest he raises huge armies from the ground to rescue Bagdad.

As the naïve gentleman ahead of us remarked to the lady with him, upon leaving the theater at the end of the performance, "There's lots of imagination in it."

The cast is all that could be desired. Julanne Johnston makes a charming princess. Snitz Edwards, as the ugly, thieving pal of the thief of Bagdad, makes a small part an indispensable bit of the picture, and Anna May Wong, in scant attire, furnishes exotic beauty.

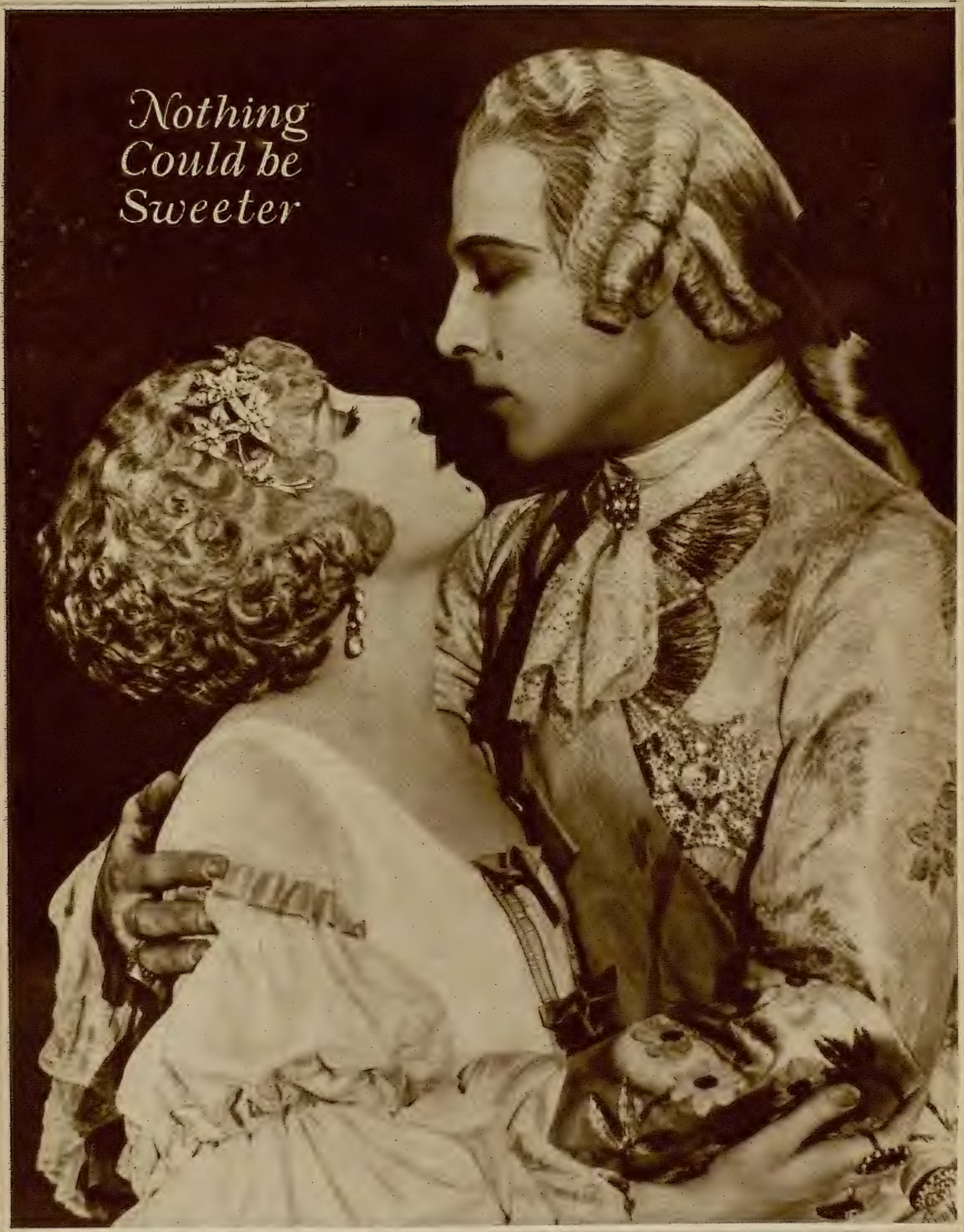
It has been offered up as criticism by some that Douglas Fairbanks as the Bagdad thief plays the part too athletically. We do not feel this to be the case.

Looking back, we can think of no outstanding athletic feat he performed. His leap from the balcony rail to the top of the magic rope is not put in for the effect. The thief had been caught thieving. He was most anxious to escape. The rope presented itself, and he hurled himself at it. It is not because Mr. Fairbanks is adept at going up and down ropes that this scene is part of the picture, but because the situation called for it.

No hero in the Arabian Nights ever got anywhere by standing still or moving about as though he suffered from gout. The character of the thief of Bagdad is one full of exuberance. There is no reason why it should be played like hookey from the graveyard.

NEXT WEEK: Tess of the D'Urbervilles, from Thomas Hardy's Novel

AT any rate, Anna Q. Nilsson is the very busiest of the movies' lovely ladies! Best remembered, perhaps, for her work in Ponjola, wherein she posed as a man and was shorn of all but a masculine allotment of hair, her latest release is The Side Show of Life, the screen version of William J. Locke's novel, The Mountebank. She is now at work on Inex from Hollywood, a unique comedy based on the private life of a film star, who's been painted (for publicity's sake) much blacker than she is.



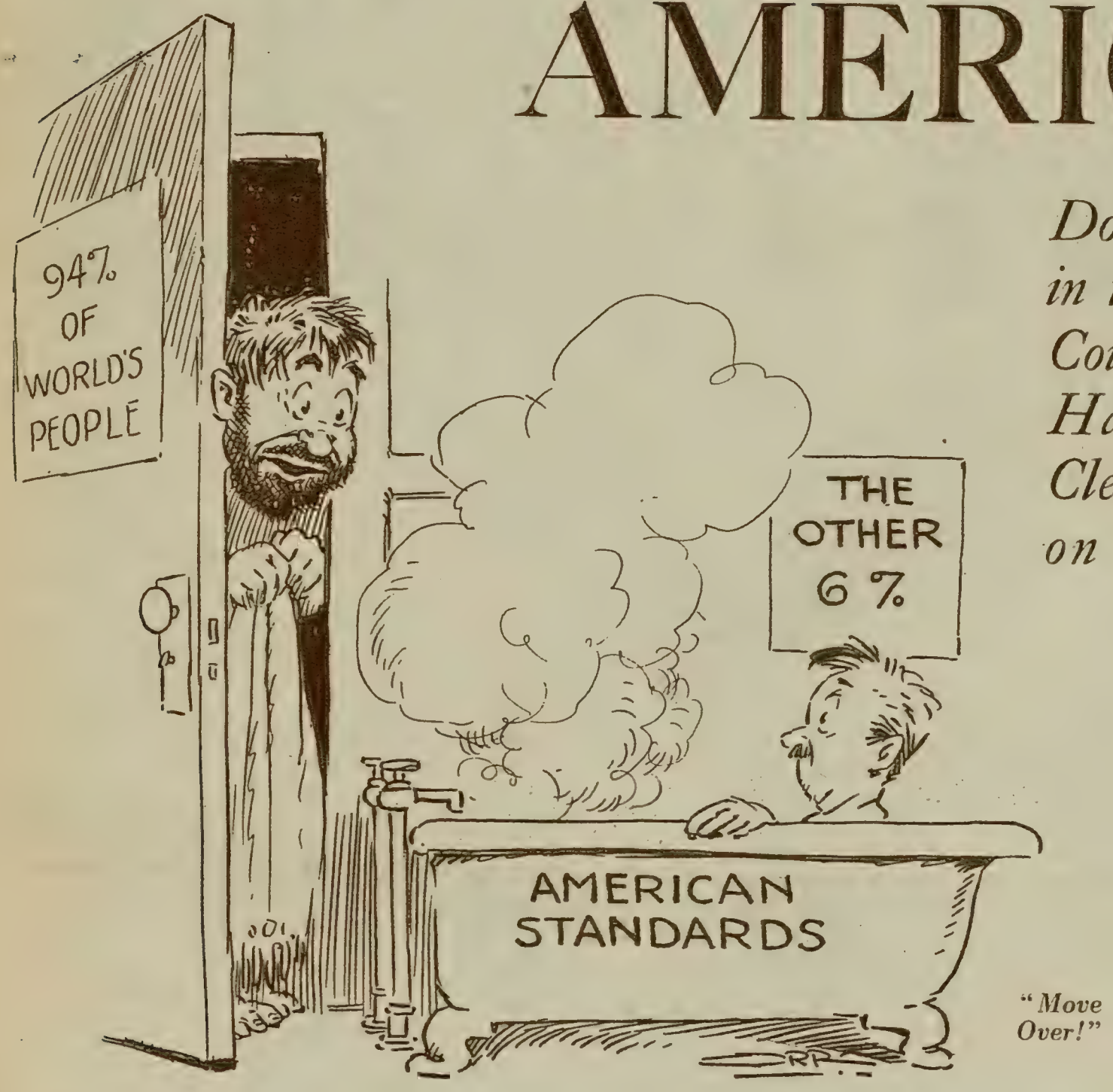
THE engaging scene presented above is an excerpt from the latest release starring Valentino in the title role of Monsieur Beaucaire. Judging from the crowds which stormed the theaters during the first week the film was shown, Valentino hasn't lost any of his popularity. The young woman in Rudolph's arms is none other than Miss Bebe Daniels. It would doubtless interest a great number of our young women readers to know just how much of a thrill she's getting out of it. But if we went into that question we might be obliged to report that she isn't getting any thrill at all. So we'll let you form your own conclusions.

WHAT is it WORTH to be an AMERICAN?

Do You Realize That a Change in the Nation's Foreign Policy Could Make Unpleasant Things Happen to Your Vacuum Cleaner and the Grapefruit on Your Breakfast Table?

By HARPER LEECH

Cartoons by CAREY ORR



"Move Over!"

WHAT is it worth to be an American? What does the average man get out of his membership in this "richest nation on earth"? There are many ways to answer the question, but probably we can realize the American's advantages best in terms of the consumption of things to eat, wear, and use as contrasted with the consumption of such things by the rest of the world.

The American standard of living is the key to the world politics of our time. Americans have acquired such a large share of the world's usable wealth that they have developed a set of "primary interests" which do not coincide with the self-interest of the vast majority of mankind.

Kept in mind, this momentous fact explains news dispatches from abroad and many things at home.

We are told that Americans are not "popular" abroad, but we know that the American dollar is popular everywhere. As world politics now, as always, consists of a conflict of interest between those who want and those who have, Americans must reconcile themselves to a considerable degree of "unpopularity" in the rest of the world as long as their standard of living remains so much higher than the living conditions of other peoples.

The only alternative is for us to accept a lowering of our living standards by a process of "dividing up" with the general run of mankind. Whether this "dividing up" process takes the form of unrestricted immigration, free trade, heavy foreign loans for the rehabilitation of foreign industries, remission of the debts of foreign governments, or the submergence of American sovereignty for the supposed purpose of promoting peace, the economic objective is always the same.

The mass of the American people, not the millionaires, are those who have the big stake in all these questions. None of these proposals, which are so often clothed with such attractive humanitarian appeal, could impoverish or cheapen the daily life of the wealthy classes here or abroad to any appreciable extent, but, if executed, they would make a great difference in at least 23,000,000 American homes.

The foreign policies of the United States are a matter of intimate family concern, and the American family ought to know exactly how its mode of life is related to the living conditions of the rest of the race.

THE use of the things produced or imported by a nation for the purpose of its daily life is what really is of concern to most of us. Census estimates of the total of our national resources or stories of the trillions of feet of lumber in the Pacific Northwest or the billions of tons of coal under Pennsylvania, West Virginia, or Illinois are rather remote from our daily pursuit of happiness.

There is another advantage in considering consumption rather than the possession of wealth as the measure of a nation's welfare. Averages are tricky. The average wealth of the writer and John D. Rockefeller Jr. may be $250,000,000 or $500,000,000, but in neither case would the average be worth anything to one of the two at the bank.

But when we deal with consumption and use, averages are surprisingly safe and accurate. No matter how much men may differ in what they own, they can differ but little in what they use and enjoy.

Try as he may, the richest man in the United States can eat little, if any, more than the poorest. He can wear only one suit of clothes at a time with comfort. He can occupy only one bathtub or motor car at the same time. If he attempts to amass consumable goods for his exclusive use in the form of surplus motor cars, yachts, or mansions he is compelled to "divide up" by employing large numbers of chauffeurs, sailors, caretakers, and servants, who share in the daily use and enjoyment of such property.

There is a remarkable trend toward equality in income and the distribution of consumable wealth in any given nation, but as between the various peoples of the world the differences are profound and are growing greater.

When the number of American people is compared to the number of other humans and their consumption of certain basic products is contrasted with the consumption of similar products in the rest of the world the effect is startling. In making such comparisons we are lumping on the other side of the world's ledger men of such diverse fortune and habits as Englishmen, Oriental coolies, and naked jungle folk, so that the difference between the American's mode of living and the standards of probably 1,200,000,000 of humanity is even greater than the contrast between America and the rest of the world would indicate.

TWO hours in the daily life of Mr. Average American and friend wife bring them into contact with things which have statistical stories which tell what it is worth to be an American.

For every American there are between fifteen and nineteen subjects or citizens of other governments or members of wild tribes.

This country's entire population is not

quite six per cent of this planet's people.

On arising out of an average bed, made of some of the one-half of the world's lumber that Americans consume, Mr. Average American usually holds a session with hot or cold water.

Nobody knows how many modern bathrooms there are in this country; but we do know how many new bathtubs the American people buy every year. It's over a million in a prosperous year. Domestic engineering is far older than the automobile business, and it has been going at a lively clip for two generations. Today there are probably 10,000,000 American homes equipped with plumbing, and there are not much over 25,000,000 families.

We cannot tell much about foreign bathrooms, and the reason is significant. Only in a few basic raw materials is it possible to make any comparisons at all between the United States and the rest of the world, because our government first got the census habit and has developed it further than any other.

Authorities on household engineering say, however, that the entire plumbing supply business of Europe is hardly ten per cent of that of America.

Clothes follow the bath in Mr. Average American's day.

Americans produce over half of the world's cotton and consume over half of what we produce, so that six per cent of the human race uses over a fourth of the cotton.

Americans produce and consume about forty-five per cent of the world's artificial silk. Nobody knows exactly how much natural silk is produced in the Orient, but the United States is the principal market for the silk that goes into commerce. This is also true of furs and diamonds. Americans use about one-fifth of all the wool sheared off the world's half billion sheep.

When friend wife lights the kitchen range, be it coal or gas, she contributes to the consumption by six per cent of the world's people of over forty per cent of the coal lifted from the earth, and in some years our portion is even greater.

The kitchen equipment reminds us that Americans now use about half the world's iron and steel. This proportion will probably decline when Europe recovers, but last year we made two-thirds of the world's steel and used most of it ourselves.

We use over half the world's tin, although we produce hardly any, and of zinc we use nearly half, most of which we produce. We use over half the world's asbestos, buying most of it from Canada.

IF the morning coffee is made in an electric percolator it emphasizes the fact that Americans use just about half of all the electricity generated in the world, and much of the remainder is consumed in a few small countries favored with abundant water power. We consume half the world's output of copper and produce much more than that. We use nearly two-thirds of the aluminum.

We drink over half of the coffee entering commerce. The sugar with which we sweeten it is part of the American consumption of over one-fourth of the world's entire production.

The breakfast bacon is produced by American pigs, which number more than a fourth of the world's enumerated hog population. However, nobody has ever counted the Chinese pigs, the kin of some of our sturdy breeds. Our pigs are one result of our crop of three-fourths of the world's corn.

If oatmeal appears on the breakfast table it will serve to remind us that Americans produce nearly forty per cent of the world's oats, largely to feed a fifth of the world's horses and half its mules.

Of the wheat which makes the pancakes we do not consume over a sixth of the world's output, although we grow more than that.

The butter reminds us that we have about thirteen per cent of the world's cattle, of which 24,000,000 are milk producers giving us over 90,000,000,000 pounds of milk per year.

Of American meat consumption it is sufficient to say that it is almost at the saturation point, when the richness and variety of the American diet are considered, and is exceeded per capita only by the consumption of two or three small peoples largely engaged in cattle and sheep raising.

The fruit on the American breakfast table is considered "barbarism" by so many foreigners that even in the absence of comparative statistics we know we are eating more than our share. When California was producing four thousand carloads of citrus fruit many years ago they talked about "overproduction," but the American people are now consuming ninety-five thousand carloads of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit every year.

As Mr. Average American looks over the morning paper between breakfast bites he helps the rest of his countrymen consume half the world's output of print paper, and when he has his after-breakfast smoke he is burning up his share of the fourth part of the world's tobacco that Americans use.

LEAVING the breakfast table and the crops, we will spend a few more minutes with Mr. Average American and the wife.

The wife does much of her morning's housework electrically. As in the case of the bathroom, we encounter here a kind of equipment in which we can be fairly certain that the American share is so overwhelming that the rest of the world stands nowhere, but because foreign countries are so shy on their statistics of manufacture we cannot give exact percentages.

But with America using such an enormous share of the world's copper, electricity, lead, zinc, aluminum, and other materials, we know that electrical housekeeping is as yet almost peculiar to us. And even with us it is just getting started. In one year we made and sold 935,000 vacuum cleaners, 560,000 washing machines, and 705,000 fans. At that rate it will take only a few years to make housework electrical in at least 17,000,000 homes now accessible to current.

Probably the wife follows the housework with a telephone call to mobilize the afternoon's mah jongg tourney. She employs an instrument of which our little six per cent of the world's folk own sixty-three per cent. We also use our telephones more, as we have one hundred and sixty-four telephone conversations per year for every one of our population, against one hundred and twenty for the next most conversational people, the Danes, and against sixteen per year for the Britons.

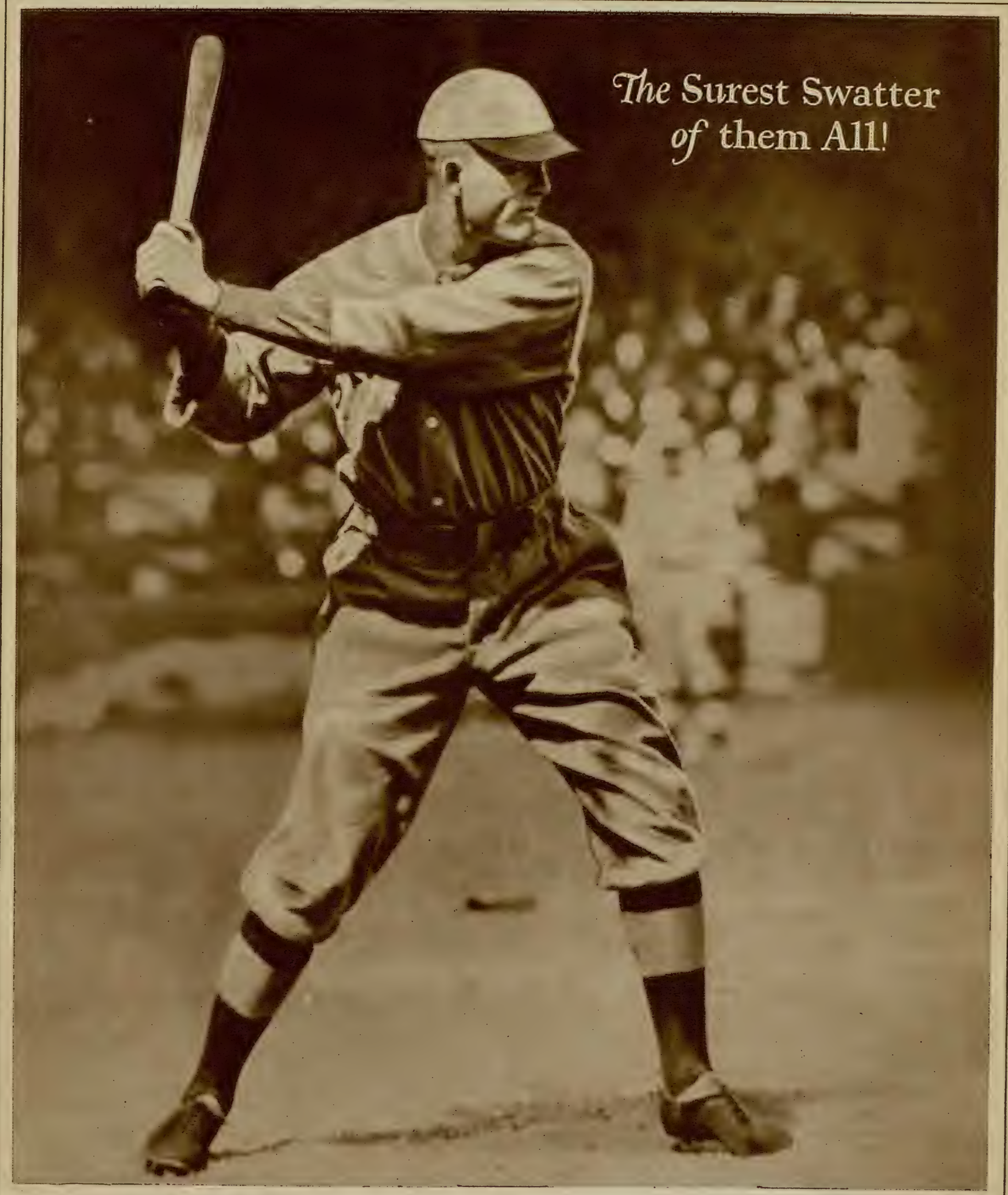
To get to his job Mr. Average American may use the automobile, of which Americans owned eighty-eight per cent at the first of the year, and, of course, a larger percentage now.

Incident to this automobile ownership and production is an American import and consumption of over seventy per cent of the world's crude rubber. The automobile helps us to consume forty-five per cent of the world's lead in its batteries.

To supply the gas for all those cars we extract two million barrels of oil per day from the earth, nearly seventy per cent of the world's yield, and then we import 82,000,000 barrels more, but because of exports of refined products our domestic consumption is still a little less than our production.

And so it goes in every line where figures are available, except for a few things like rice, manioc, and coconuts, which literally support hundreds of millions of people. We use more raw materials and also put them through more complex and efficient processes, as a rule, all of which makes it worth while to be an American.

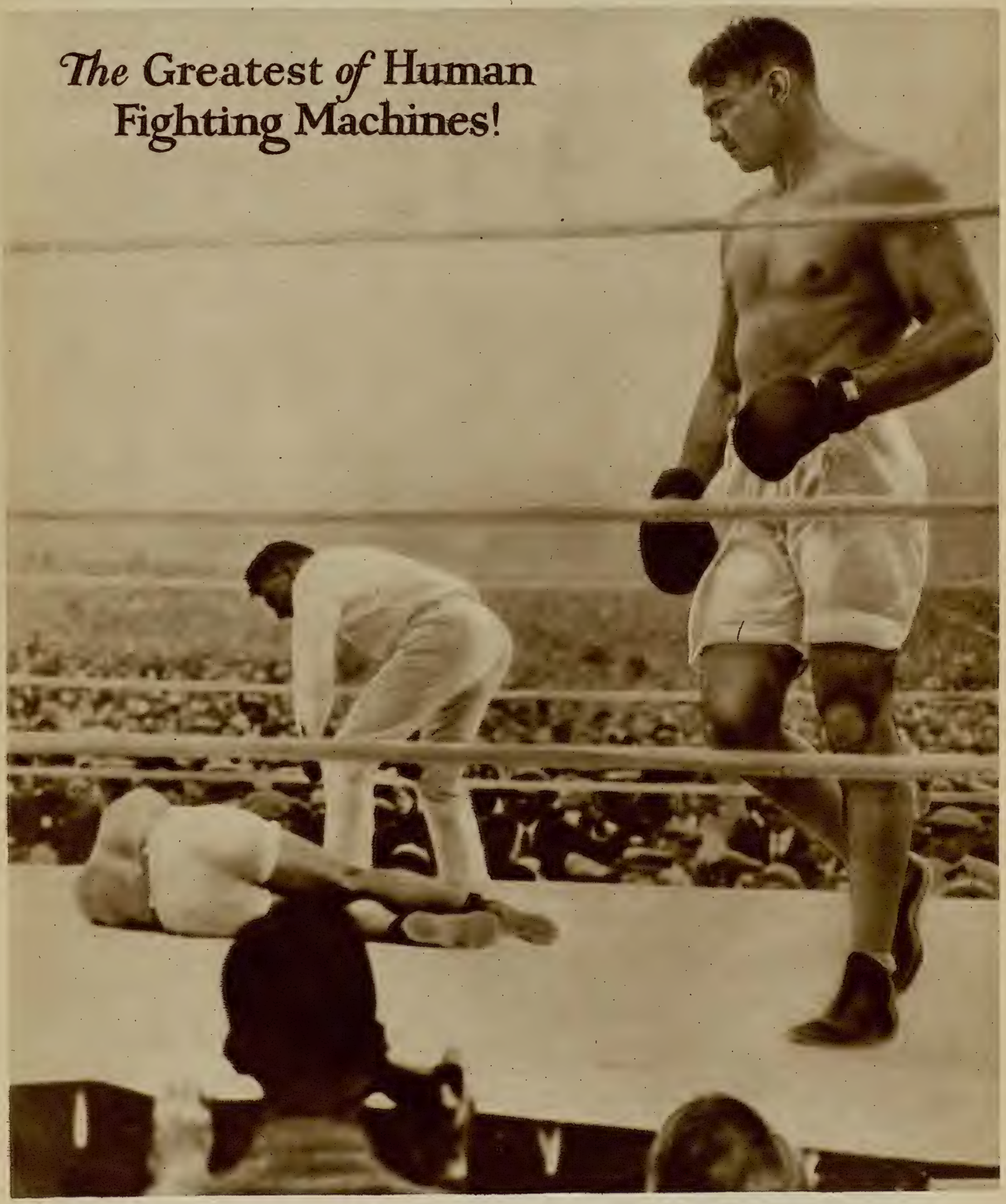
THE END



ROGERS HORNSBY OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS—king of baseball's "old reliables" at the bat! Others lift more home runs over the fence, but when it comes to number of hits compared to times at bat, Hornsby reigns supreme. For the past four years he has led the National league in sure-fire hitting, and, barring accidents, he will make it five years this season—thereby wresting the National league record from Honus Wagner, former ace of the Pittsburgh Pirates, for consecutive years of National league supremacy with the willow. And he's loyal to the core—for when a deal that would have put him in championship money with the New York Giants fell through, he simply said, "Too bad!" and swatted harder than ever before for the Cardinals.

International Photo.

The Greatest *of* Human Fighting Machines!



KING OF THEM ALL—Jack Dempsey, who holds the heavyweight championship of the world! He fought sixty-two bouts, scoring forty-two knockouts and being knocked out once (in 1917, by Jim Flynn), to win the right to challenge Jess Willard in 1919. Three rounds and a knockout gave Jack the championship in that fight. Since then he has defended his title against Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Tom Gibbons, and Luis Angel Firpo, and now is waiting for the world to produce a man who can whip him. He came nearest defeat in the Firpo fight, but the picture shows the finish of what is perhaps his most famous battle—the four-round struggle with the champion of Europe at the time, Georges Carpentier, on July 2, 1921, at Jersey City.

Your boy may be sturdy--but his scalp is tender

EVEN healthy, strong youngsters have delicate, soft scalps. That is why mothers should never wash children's hair with ordinary soap that is harsh and ill-smelling.

Nature gives every child beautiful hair and a healthy white scalp. But to keep them that way, they need more than ordinary care.

The rich, creamy lather of Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo keeps the hair clean and healthy. It cannot irritate the most delicate scalp—it is so mild. It cannot injure the finest, silkiest hair—it is so pure. And it leaves behind only the delicate fragrance of cleanliness.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair healthy, sweet and lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Mother of Twenty-Four: *Still Hopes for More*

By GERALDINE SARTAIN

The Extraordinary Story of Senora Morroquin of San Francisco, Who Is Nearing a World's Record for Motherhood

SENORA SEBASTINA MORROQUIN, world's champion mother, is leading the race against race suicide. Forty-four years old, twenty-nine of them a married woman, she is the mother of twenty-four children, without twins or triplets to her credit—and still hopes for more.

California may exclude the Japanese and restrict property holding and still be densely populated if this frail looking little San Francisco woman with the soft brown eyes and the proud carriage (when one mentions the children) continues.

Papa Morroquin's views on the subject are not given. He is directly responsible for only two of the twenty-four, as the first twenty-two lost their father. Counting a baby a year, with time considered between husbands, Señora Morroquin has approximated a world's record and San Francisco is proud of her.

Señor Bilfido Morroquin is contented. He earns fair wages as a cement worker, and the problem of feeding and clothing, housing, and caring for the swarm of children does not worry him. Nor does it worry the little mother, who cannot seem to understand why all San Francisco celebrated the arrival of Wilfred, Number 24, who is now but a few months old. And, as for race suicide, she crosses herself and says so long as the Good God continues to send babies they will be welcome and cared for in the Morroquin household.

All San Francisco celebrated when Wilfred was born, and flocked to offer congratulations and gifts for the little one, and it seemed wonderful to everyone excepting Señora Morroquin. Neither did Señor Morroquin appear to understand why all the fuss; perhaps the novelty has worn off for the parents.

BUT the wonder of San Francisco was greater when it saw in the little cottage scrupulous cleanness, a swarm of little boys and girls, polite, well mannered, and perfectly trained, and an efficient little woman who feeds, clothes, and cares for them all with half the fuss most mothers make over one baby.

How she does it, the women of San Francisco want to know, and possibly the other women of the world are just as curious. Señora Morroquin does not worry over such problems. She always appears to greet callers garbed in a newly ironed, fresh dress, and always has time for a little visit, never appears tired, nor do the small troubles of her flock fret or annoy her. Necessity was her teacher.

Senora Sebastina Morroquin and Baby Wilfred

She plans her meals with regard to proper food constituents, and, although she never read of calories, the specialists admit that her meals are nourishing and well balanced.

"It is only common sense," she said quietly. "I was married before I was fifteen and have been having babies ever since. We never have had much money and had to plan with what we had. So much milk is needed every day, so much bread, so many vegetables, and on special days meats. Soups are cheap and good. The food is simple, but growing children do better on simplest foods.

"It keeps me busy taking care of a houseful of babies, little and big, but I love them all, and the older ones help. I wouldn't give up one of them for all the money. Babies make happy homes, and ours is happy. Suppose I had not a child——"

Her shrug and gesture told more than words her opinion of childless homes.

"Did not the Good Father in Heaven decide Sebastina Morroquin was to have these little folk?"

"I was married and my first husband died," she continued. "We had twenty-two children; I do not speak the English well, but I count well.

"There was a time when some of them were put in a home because I was sick and could not care for them all, and that was the time I cried and cried for my four little girls."

Fourteen of the twenty-four children have survived. Seven of the babies died at birth. Frank, who was twenty-seven, died in the West Indies last May; Candida died at twenty-six, and Margarita at twenty-one. The mother weeps softly as she tells of the loss of her children.

The living children are Mrs. Margaret de la Torre, twenty-five years; Henry, twenty; Frances, nineteen; Mary (married), eighteen; Rose, sixteen; Bertha, fifteen; Laura, fourteen; Manuel, thirteen; Annie, eleven; Gabriel, ten; David, seven; Isaac, six; (time out for new husband); Adelaide, two; Wilfred, a few months old. Frances and Mary stay with the mother, while the other smaller children are in school. The two older girls, each of whom has one baby, help their mother, and Henry works. The family exemplifies model domestic cooperation.

As Señora Morroquin talked Mary's blonde haired baby played with the black haired aunts and uncles on the floor.

"My baby looks like his daddy," said Mary proudly. "He is Scotch-Irish. Yes, I started having babies as soon as I married. I can't hope to equal mother's record, but I can do my best. I don't want as many, but—well, if they come they are welcome."

THE END

A Comparison of Laetitia Bird, a Flapper of the 1884 Type, and Laetitia Bird 3d of 1924

BIGGER *and* BETTER

COLLEGE GIRLS

By MABEL McELLIOTT CLARK

Pictures by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

LAETITIA BIRD laid her lavender sprigged muslin on the maple four-poster. Underneath the hem of the red and white patchwork quilt peeped a pair of fine black kid slippers (number threes). Laetitia's stays (she would have scorned to call them corsets) also adorned the scene. She hesitated to worm herself both into them and the slippers. She prolonged her moments of luxurious ease, draping her muslin teagown around her.

Laetitia, aged nineteen, was what would be known today as "a fine, healthy girl." The cruelly frank might even call her buxom. However, she was plump enough to dread donning the laced torment which made the twenty-one-inch lavender bodice possible.

Besides, she wanted further time in which to consider the note before her. This communication, couched in the formal terms considered proper for young fry in 1884, was from her cousin, Rob Withall. Rob inquired if Laetitia would permit him to come over Thursday week to instruct her in the rudiments of that new and strenuous game—tennis.

And Laetitia was wondering, if, after all, she ought to try this vigorous pastime. It might be considered unladylike. Croquet was milder, certainly, and quite diverting. But then wasn't Rob a lad who always did the newest thing? He had the new ballads, always, and liked to sing them to Laetitia's accompaniment on the pianoforte. Perhaps he also thought she would be a good partner for tennis——

Rising with a faint sigh, Laetitia addressed herself to her trappings. She became miraculously an hourglass of a girl, as the lacing proceeded. The laces, wound sternly about the maple bedpost, strained unholily. Presently, though, the lavender sprigged gown, very snug as to bodice, very bouffant as to skirt, was hooked nobly into place. The number threes, black kid, were put on. The note about the tennis game was answered affirmatively. Laetitia, belle of 1884, had, without knowing it, crossed bridges——

Let me, without jarring you too abruptly from this pretty vision of the good old days, show you Laetitia Bird 3d, college girl of 1924. It is a June night, and there is a dance on at the country club. Laetitia 3d flirts a black bobbed head before the mirror of her dressing table. She has just tried out her new cerise lipstick, and is admiring the effect. Over her practically negligible, solitary silken undergarments she has wound another almost negligible silken negligee, apple green. As she pirouettes before the glass, the flash of stockings, the color of flesh, rolled smartly just below the sturdy knee, is glimpsed. Satisfied at last with the *tout ensemble*, she snatches from its hanger a wisp of powder blue chiffon. wriggles into it, and behold! she is ready! Ready for what? The dance, of course!

Laetitia 3d has silver slippers, and they are number fives. She thinks a corset is obsolete, if she considers the matter at all. And she would tell you that the word "unladylike" belongs in the cannery.

Of course, these facts are considered damning by the what-are-we-coming-to club. But are they, really? Consider:

Miss Mabel New-

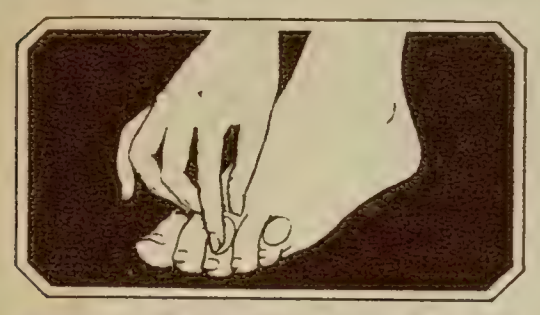
[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Ranier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO



CORNS

Stop their pain

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They remove the *cause*—*friction* and *pressure*. Cannot produce infection.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

comer, of the Department of Economics, Vassar College, has compiled an amazing lot of figures on the girls of today and yesterday. Today's college girl is an average of one and three-tenths inches taller than her predecessor of 1884. Her weight has increased from 123.8 to 125.8 pounds. Her waist measurement is an honest 25 or 26, as compared with the oldtime strained 21 or 22 inches. From 1884 to 1890 the average Vassar student weighed 118.1 pounds. The average student from 1916-1920 tipped the scales at 124.7 pounds.

And in 1920 the mean weight was 125.8 pounds. This means an increase in weight for the last thirty years of seven and one-half pounds.

"During the last thirty years," says Miss Newcomer, "the increase in height is considerably more than an inch. The arithmetical mean has increased from 160.4 centimeters to 163.7 centimeters, an increase of 3.3 centimeters or 1.3 inches; the medium has increased from 160.4 centimeters to 163.6 centimeters."

The girth of waist measurement, however, does not show an increase so consistent. From 1884 to 1904, in fact, there is a fairly steady decrease (approaching the Gibson girl era!), and a regular increase from 1904 to 1920. Miss Newcomer's class, studying the forty year period, made observations covering that period, although since 1920 the increase has been also marked.

"The change in the type of clothing worn," advances Miss Newcomer, "readily accounts for the recent increase."

THIS would seem to fling a gauntlet in the very teeth of the critics of the younger generation. If the girl of today is sturdier in all respects, in better health, than the much vaunted "lady-like" girl of that glamorous bygone age, how have they—the critics—a reasonable case? And how did the change come about?

We quote Miss Harriet Ballantine, director of physical education at Vassar for more than thirty years:

"When we began to check up on the measurements," Miss Ballantine says, "tennis and horseback riding were the only sports indulged in by women. I'll pick at random from the files a card showing the average record this year."

A Brookline, Massachusetts, freshman's record is plucked from a cluster of many. These are the sports checked: basketball, skating, riding, sailing, golf, tennis, rowing, swimming, hockey, bicycling, walking, and camping.

Another student had all checked off save skating, and she was from the South. Only one of the lot Miss Ballantine glanced over could not swim. "And she has since learned. They have to learn to swim—at Vassar."

Nearly all the students had been to camp. That seems to be the keynote of the others. Does not this general proficiency in sports take on a rather staggering significance compared with the long ago when tennis and horseback riding comprised a gentlewoman's athletic activities?

"Difference in the manner of dressing, undoubtedly," says Miss Ballantine, "but sports, most of all, account for the change."

MENTAL notes taken at a college restaurant, however, led to the observation that honest appetites, honestly gratified, have something to do with the increase in the girth of milady's waist. It is no longer the thing to peck away at one's food, even though one is consumed by a vast hunger. A table d'hôte luncheon of creamed sweetbreads, potatoes au gratin, salad, hot buttered rolls, coffee with cream, and chocolate cake, was frankly devoured by a host of healthy looking young women. No die away appetites here, thank you!

That the increase in lung capacity from 1884 to 1920 is marked is well worth noting. For instance, in 1884 the mean lung capacity of the Vassar student measured 177 cubic centimeters. In 1920 the mean capacity was 182 cubic centimeters. Here we have doubtless the good effects of swimming lessons, to say nothing of those much talked about "parked" corsets. The interesting lung capacity table, averaged by five-year groups, from 1884 to 1920, is as follows:

Years.	Number of cases.	Mean (c. c.)
1884-1890	307	159
1891-1895	615	138
1896-1900	639	130
1901-1905	1,161	166
1906-1910	1,268	168
1911-1915	1,462	173
1916-1920	1,224	180

"Are these changes typical of all women?" asks Miss Newcomer, seeming to doubt that they extend beyond college walls. That the college girl, with all avenues of outdoor sport lying before her, has the best chance for physical development seems plain.

BUT—after all, the sensible, unhampering clothes of today have undoubtedly much to do with increased growth and power of all our girls. Though Laetitia Bird 3d may dance in three or four delicate garments, at least her critics may not say she retires, purple and panting, for repairs. Laetitia 3d has plenty of breath and to spare at the end of a dance. If there be vice in parking stays, then there was sheer wickedness in tight lacing. Can cigaret smoke be more harmful to delicate lungs than ever were the wasp bodices?

The Laetitias of today also enter college at an earlier age than their grandmothers. Not only are they more fit bodily for what valedictorians call "the battle of life," but they are earlier fit mentally.

For example, Miss Newcomer's figures show that the mean age of entering students has decreased from 19 years in 1891-1895 to 18.2 years in 1916-1920. Doesn't this make plain the fact that an even greater increase in physical development would be discovered if cases were grouped according to age?

Certainly our flat-heeled, bobbed-haired modern girl would have been counted an odd figure back in those days of little feet peeping like mice from beneath voluminously ruffled skirts. But isn't the honest lissomeness of the modern girls ten times more to be admired than the unnaturally curved outline of the other?

Line them up, side by side.

Here is a frank straight-up-and-down shape in tweed skirt and elk-skin brogues. Her stockings are, more than likely, wool. Perhaps she doesn't wear a hat. (They don't at Vassar.)

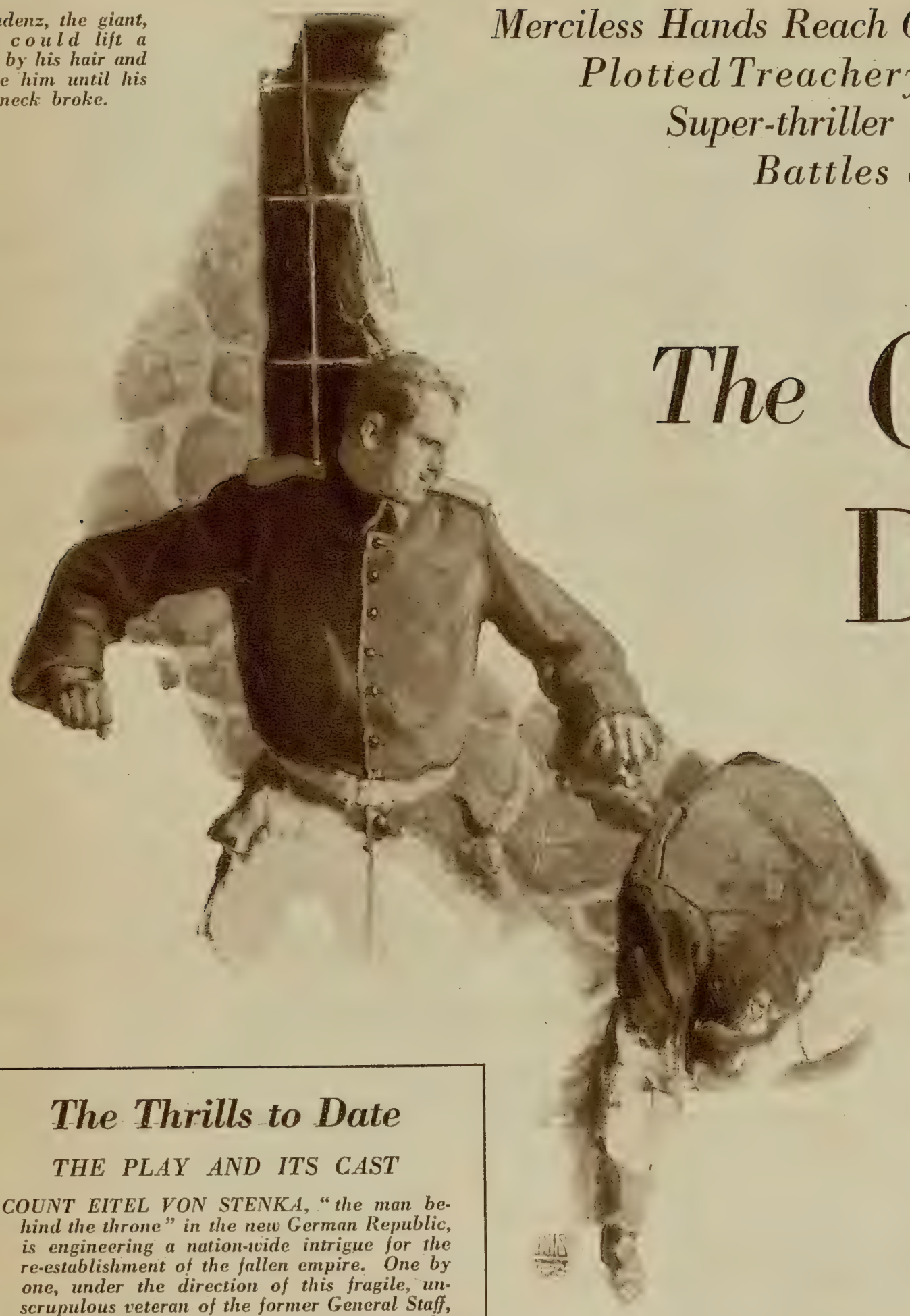
QUEER, the girl beside her! She has a great, billowing, hampering skirt with yards and yards of germ-catching ruffies; her waist can be spanned by two hands. (What a boast that was!) She teeters along, taking quick, sharp breaths. No wonder father and the boys never ask her to walk with them on Sunday morning. A good, stiff constitutional would finish her. What would she think of the girls' "hikes" of today?

Can she skate? Rarely. Sail a boat? Horrors! Bicycle? She flings you a startled look. Golf? Unheard of. Tennis? W-e-e-l-l-l. Play hockey, bare-kneed? Sir!

Laetitia Bird 3d has just galloped around the country club floor for the twenty-ninth time in an evening. She is fresh as paint (yes, *with* a bit of paint, too, if you must know) and she is just making an engagement for nine o'clock golf the next morning.

Somewhere in the shadow of the syringa bush a lavender sprigged shade sighs a tight-laced, gusty sigh. Laetitia 3d, gathering up her powder blue draperies, thinks it's a rainy wind, and prepares to dash back for one last dance before the storm breaks. She's only the 1884 Laetitia, however, wishing she'd been lucky enough to be born in our time.

THE END



Graudenz, the giant, who could lift a man by his hair and shake him until his neck broke.

Merciless Hands Reach Out of Thin Air and Disguises Mask Plotted Treachery in This Installment of the Super-thriller as the Crafty Von Stenka Battles an Unseen Enemy

The CODE *of* DEATH

By BEN HECHT

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

The Thrills to Date

THE PLAY AND ITS CAST

COUNT EITEL VON STENKA, "the man behind the throne" in the new German Republic, is engineering a nation-wide intrigue for the re-establishment of the fallen empire. One by one, under the direction of this fragile, unscrupulous veteran of the former General Staff, officers of the old militaristic regime enter the republican army and extend the conspiracy under cover of agitation over the "red menace."

OTTO THALHEIMER, president of the republic, is putty in the crafty hands of the nobleman. While the heavy-bodied, slow-witted president was still a butcher in Dresden Von Stenka had sought him out and begun the exertion of his influence. Now his domination is complete. It is three months since Thalheimer married

KORA, a beautiful, mysterious woman. From the first, Thalheimer believes, Von Stenka has shown a mystifying determination to bring about her death. A "communistic" plot against the President's life—the third—is discovered. Kora falls under suspicion and is arrested by order of the Count. She is tried by court martial and found guilty, and Von Stenka forces Thalheimer to sentence her to death. To convince the broken-hearted, vacillating president that his wife is a traitress, and to forestall pardon, the nobleman forges a note in Kora's handwriting purporting to reveal designs against the life of Thalheimer. Hardly has the death sentence been pronounced before a weird campaign of terrorism is launched against Von Stenka in an effort to compel him to obtain Mme. Thalheimer's pardon. Within an hour the count stumbles upon the body of the sentry stationed outside the door of his apartments. In the dead man's hand is a note giving warning that Kora must be freed by the Friday set for her execution. The same night someone enters the nobleman's room and pins to his pillow a note of similar import. In his diary, in his own secret code and apparently in his own handwriting, Von Stenka finds another warning. He dispatches the sentry in the hall,

KARL WEINIG, for his superior officer,

CAPTAIN BAUER, who in turn is directed to pick five trusted guards and return with them, accompanied by

COLONEL DAHMAL. Von Stenka's lieutenant and bodyguard, the brave and colossal

CAPTAIN GRAUDENZ, reports a terrifying encounter with a bearded old man who appeared inexplicably beside him in a cab. The strange visitant had gripped Graudenz' arm with paralyzing strength and sent a new warning to Von Stenka, then had vanished like an apparition. The police have reported that Kora had once been the sweetheart of an astounding creature known as "Aladdin" and by a hundred other aliases. This man, the count guesses, is his mysterious enemy. Von Stenka notes a bulge in the door of a cabinet in the room where he and Graudenz sit. Graudenz opens it and out tumbles the body of—Karl Weinig!

INSTALLMENT II—THE PHANTOM OF TERROR

COUNT VON STENKA walked to the windows and closed the heavy wooden shutters, saying softly, "I, too, have had a conversation with the opposition. There was something about the man. Yes, I felt it as he stood there in the corridor talking to me. What an actor!"

Graudenz, the giant, who could lift a man by his hair and shake him until his neck broke, stood bewilderedly regarding his friend.

"They play a game," Von Stenka continued, "to terrify me. Yes, to make my hair stand up. To make me doubt even the shadows around me. And why? Love? It may be that. But this is done by one who delights in torture. He has only begun. Do you begin to see this thing, Adolph? A little game to 'frighten Von Stenka out of his wits.' Ha! I give you orders now. Never leave my side. And trust no one! He will give himself away. He will underestimate us. When the colonel comes remain in the corner and keep your eyes open. Ah, there they are now."

Footsteps sounded in the corridor.

"Come in," Von Stenka cried. A heavy, white mustached man in the uniform of an infantry colonel entered. Five soldiers stood stiffly beyond the opened door.

"Let them enter also," Von Stenka ordered. "I am glad you hurried, Colonel Dahmal."

In answer to a curt command from the officer the five guards entered the room.

"The guard Weinig whom I sent?" inquired Von Stenka. "Is he here?"

"No," the officer replied, "I could not find him. And as there was need for hurry——"

"Very good," Von Stenka spoke. "You will find him some other time. Here is the original Weinig, with his neck broken. He had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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tucked away for safe keeping in my cabinet."

The Colonel turned to the body on the floor.

"Hm," he grunted. "The same as Fritz last week."

"Yes. I want a half dozen men in this hall, as I told you at the time, Colonel. It is suicide to place a *single* guard there! You are aware of what is going on."

"I have selected five of my best men."

Von Stenka regarded the soldiers grimly. Walking to them, he spoke slowly to the five.

"One of you is an impostor. You will stand here quietly until I discover which. Graudenz, shoot the first one who moves even a finger."

Colonel Dahmal bristled indignantly.

"What is this, Count?" he demanded.

"You will join your five men, Dahmal," Von Stenka cried. "I trust no one. Quick, stand beside them or I shoot."

The white mustached officer glowered for an instant at the puny figure addressing him.

"This is an outrage!" he cried. "It shall be reported."

"Beside your men, Colonel! Graudenz, shoot this man unless he obeys!"

FROM the corner the giant Graudenz raised his revolver. With a shrug the officer took his place, muttering, "Mad. You have gone mad, Von Stenka!"

"And now," the Count continued crisply, "we will call another group." He lifted the telephone and called:

"Military quarters, please! Von Stenka speaking. Hurry!"

His brown, womanish eyes rested on the face of Colonel Dahmal as he waited.

"Hello," he exclaimed suddenly. "This is Count von Stenka. I desire to speak to the officer in charge. Who? Yes."

There was a pause during which the five soldiers stared excitedly at the little man. Von Stenka raised his lips from the telephone and addressed the six men in the closed doorway.

"One of you will endeavor to make a break," he spoke. "When the moment comes I wish you to know that the man who moves is our enemy. Shoot him at once."

Von Stenka turned his voice to the telephone.

"Ah, hello," he resumed. "Yes, Von Stenka speaking. Who is this, please?"

There was a pause during which the Count listened without expression.

"Very well, Colonel Dahmal," he spoke into the mouthpiece, "will you be so good as to come to my apartment at once? Yes, a matter of the utmost importance."

Replacing the telephone Von Stenka turned to the men. His eyes rested on the white mustached face of the Colonel.

"I have just spoken to a man who says he is Colonel Dahmal and who was sitting at your desk," Von Stenka said with a smile. "It follows that one of you is an impostor. Although it may be very probable that both of you are impostors. The man for whom we are looking, Captain Graudenz, is either standing before us or on his way here."

Von Stenka's voice had turned into a purr. His large eyes were widened.

"Be very careful, Captain Graudenz," he spoke. "Perhaps it would be advisable to shoot this man who looks like Colonel Dahmal."

"Your Excellency," sputtered the officer, whose flushed face had taken on a pallor at the little man's soft words, "I am Colonel Dahmal! If there has been something happening it is not I. You may call the officers of the Helmet Club to identify me or you may summon General Hoffman. The man to whom you spoke, if he used my name, is an impostor. We must take every measure——"

"Watch carefully, Graudenz!" Von Stenka interrupted.

There was a knock on the closed door.

"Who is there?" bellowed Graudenz.

A voice replied, "Colonel Dahmal, Excellency."

"Ah," Von Stenka breathed. He arose and moved slowly away from the door.

"Open the door, Colonel, and enter," he answered.

A voice replied, "Yes, but the door is locked."

Graudenz stepped across the room, his revolver alert.

"I will open," he growled; "watch him, Eitel!"

"No—stand away," Von Stenka shouted suddenly. The giant captain brushed past the anxious figure of the supposed Colonel Dahmal and turned the knob of the door.

"Come in," he called simultaneously with Von Stenka's shout.

A roar filled the room. The five soldiers who had stood stiffly by rushed for the opened doorway.

"Shoot!" Von Stenka's voice came in a scream.

The Count's eyes had caught the lightning blow, had even for a strange instant anticipated it. The giant Graudenz had dropped without sound to the floor and over his figure had leaped with incredible speed the creature who a moment before had been affirming his identity as Colonel Dahmal.

Von Stenka's gun spat, but the door had already slammed shut. The soldiers were hurling themselves at its stout panels.

"He has locked it from the outside," cried Von Stenka. "Wait—here is the key."

He rushed forward and inserted a key in the lock. The door swung open after a moment of fumbling.

"Quick," Von Stenka ordered. "Try both ends of the corridor."

There was no one in sight. A laugh suddenly drifted back to the excited group.

"To the left," one of the soldiers cried. And the five hurled themselves with a roar in pursuit of the sound. Von Stenka's voice raised itself vainly in a scream. "Halt—a ruse—come back."

The words ended abruptly. The soldiers had rounded the corridor. A hand had silenced Von Stenka. Fingers were gripping his neck from behind.

"You are right," a voice spoke against his ear. "A ruse. I am here close enough to you to snap your little chicken neck in two. This is my last warning! I have already given you your life six times. You will secure the pardon for Kora by tomorrow, Von Stenka. Do you hear what I say? By tomorrow, or you will learn how curious and terrible is the final vengeance of Dr. Sebastian."

VON STENKA'S figure slipped from the grasp of the fingers that had raised him off the floor. In a few minutes the corridor became alive with officers and officials. Count von Stenka opened his eyes to a lighted and crowded room. Sitting beside his bed was the giant figure of Graudenz.

"He is all right," the Captain spoke as the figure on the bed stirred. "You will leave a guard of four outside the door, Colonel. And station men at the end of the corridors. Allow no one to enter or leave the building."

When the room had cleared Von Stenka sat up feebly in the bed.

"So, we are neither of us dead!" he murmured, staring at the frowning face of his friend.

"No, the blow broke nothing, although it was intended as a fatal stroke," Graudenz muttered. "He was too quick for me. At the base of the brain. The doctor says nothing but the thickness of my skull saved me!"

"You will live forever," smiled Von Stenka, "if your mortality depends upon the thickness of your skull, Adolph. I saw him as you went forward and shouted. Did I not warn you to watch?"

"Shh," Graudenz grumbled. "Be quiet, Eitel, the doctor said."

"Let him go to the devil," the Count interrupted. "How long have I been here?"

"A good hour, Eitel. They found us both on the floor. He must have escaped in the opposite direction."

Von Stenka rubbed the back of his neck gingerly.

"God in Heaven! What fingers," he sighed. "No, Adolph. He did not escape. Why should anyone take the trouble of escaping from us? What dolts we were, Adolph. And what a simple little game he played."

"I don't understand," Graudenz muttered. "Colonel Dahmal did not arrive for ten minutes. And yet I heard his voice when I went to the door."

"A MOMENT of second rate vaudeville." Von Stenka smiled wryly. "It was he. Our friend with the white mustache. I was almost convinced of it from the first. But he stood so motionless and seemed so upset. What an actor, Adolph! The knock on the door—you remember he was standing to one side of it. And I saw his hand press against the wall. The sound was made in some curious way, although his hand was motionless.

"The rest was ventriloquism. The voice on the other side—and later the laugh at the end of the corridor. The idiots rushed after it and left me! And he was there! He had slipped into the room adjoining, although how he ever opened the door so quickly God knows.

"As for the rest, Adolph, it grows a bit doubtful, does it not? He could have killed me with no effort. He lifted me from the floor and delivered a number of remarks into my ear. I think I heard nearly all he had to say, although the fiend's fingers were slowly ripping my neck to pieces. It is obvious, Adolph, the man is mad. At least, this gruesome horseplay of his strikes me as a form of lunacy."

"It was strange he didn't finish!" Graudenz scowled.

"Yet I understand his logic," Von Stenka sighed. "Will you reach me a cigaret, Adolph?"

Von Stenka studied the lighted match in his fingers.

"There," he smiled, "it revives me."

He blew a ring of smoke into the air.

"And now we will have to study our dramatic situation very carefully. To date we have been playing like children. Yes, I, too. This creature, whatever he is and whatever are the motives inspiring him, is a gifted and extraordinary person. In fact, for a few horrid moments he struck me as being almost supernatural. Fancy the courage of the man, Adolph! To linger in the hall for the purpose of a final warning. He knew that I would not rush off with the others—that I would sense a ruse and stay behind.

"You ask why didn't he finish it by tightening his fingers a little more? Well, it is obvious he cares nothing about my life. Our friend, Kora, is his objective. To kill me would be to frighten Thalheimer into hurrying the

"This she-devil Kora—Kora who has never betrayed the source of her orders."

execution. I am this creature's sole hope.

"And now Graudenz, we have until tomorrow. I recall that he spoke of a curious and terrible revenge in store for us unless the pardon was forthcoming. Obviously he will make no more theatrical moves until tomorrow. We have therefore a good eighteen hours to decide upon something intelligent in the way of action. The idea of a man's engaging in a successful single-handed tilt with the new German Republic strikes me as a bit farcical, Adolph. What do you think?"

"I don't know," the giant Captain answered slowly. He had been listening with heavy eyes to his friend's talk. "I'm going to take a few hours' sleep. I advise you to do the same. For when we wake up there will be something important for us to face."

"Farcical!" murmured Von Stenka. "I feel somewhat self-conscious—like an old maid

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

looking under the bed for burglars. But has the room been carefully searched?"

"Yes, Eitel, every corner," the Captain replied.

"Nevertheless, come a little closer, Adolph, and I will outline our first plan." Von Stenka's voice lowered to a whisper. "The first move is obviously to get out of here. He has keys to all our doors and is too much at home on the premises. We will move somewhere. Count Reventlow's house is empty. Also it is an excellent house for a siege. Iron doors and windows, if I recall correctly.

"We will choose a dozen of our friends in an hour or so and make a quick march. I think it would be wise to take Thalheimer with us. I'll explain why later.

"In the meantime you may sleep. I will make all the arrangements. We will have to pick our men carefully. I will do that on the telephone myself. And rest assured there will be no 'Colonel Dahmals' among them!"

"IT is rather like an Arabian Night," drawled the tall, monocled figure of Baron von Dortmer. "How many of us are there?"

"Fifteen," Von Stenka answered. "Seventeen, including my little friend Adolph and me. And, if I am not mistaken," he added, "that is your fifteenth drink, Adolph. I doubt whether it will be wise for you to forfeit your wits in our coming enterprise. Though, at that, it matters very little!"

"I am sober!" Graudenz rumbled. "I drink only to hide my impatience."

"Oho," one of the group of uniformed men laughed near him. "So you are eager for another try at this Hercules. God help me, I would give my last six horses for a chance to watch good Adolph in a ten minute argument with our mysterious hero!"

"You will probably have the opportunity," Von Stenka raised his voice. "And now, my dear friends, I will lay before you the only plan I have been able to think of."

The Count's little figure raised itself erect in the center of the room. Surrounding him were the fifteen men he had summoned three hours before. Slowly he studied each familiar face. They were men who a few short years before had represented the power and prestige of the German Empire. Militarists and noblemen—the war and the attending debacle had failed to shatter their astounding egoism and lust for power.

Today they were the fifteen leaders of the group scattered throughout Europe who had chosen the lightning witted and unscrupulous Von Stenka to direct the great intrigue that was moving cautiously behind the hullabaloo of the new Republic.

"I have given you a synopsis of our situation," Von Stenka spoke. "And from what I have already told you, you have no doubt perceived the uncanny resourcefulness of this creature. His motives I don't know. I fancy our friend suffers from an infatuation for this she-devil Kora—Kora who has never betrayed the source of her orders. But what inspired him to palm the lady off on our thick headed Otto, I only dimly suspect."

"Your suspicions, Eitel," a humorous eyed blonde officer spoke from a corner, "are always valuable."

"Well," Von Stenka continued, "my suspicions strike me as rather fantastic. In short, I think this man is a creature suffering from megalomania. He has neither accomplices nor direction. It occurred to him a few months ago to overthrow the government and he set out to do it—as a diversion, he and his paramour. I suspect nothing more involved than a sort of evil jest.

"The man is entirely phenomenal. I have no doubt but that in addition to his bewildering genius as actor, ventriloquist, and Hercules, he is clairvoyant. O, it is no use smiling. My remarks are, as I said, fantastic. If it were possible to get rid of the creature by handing Kora over to him I would vote 'yes.' But for one I think it too dangerous a matter to surrender to our villain. Kora is immaterial. We must bag him somehow. I doubt whether we can feel very much at ease with a genius of his caliber at large in our disordered Fatherland."

"In any case," one of the listeners interrupted from a chair near the glowing fireplace, "we can feel safe for the present. I have had a regiment ordered into the block. The entrances to the street have been wired off. Nobody is to be allowed to leave or enter any of the houses. Every doorway and byway is under careful guard. And Count Reventlow's house is barricaded so that a fly couldn't enter."

"All folly," boomed another voice from the opposite side of the room. "If this man has done what he has, our precautions will but serve as a cloak for any further activities he may plan. Among a thousand men, a creature of his talent would find little difficulty in disguising himself and——"

"Yes, yes," a gray haired officer spoke sharply. "All that is obvious. Von Stenka must be carefully guarded. The street outside is no safer than it would be were it deserted. But in this room at least——"

There was a pause and Von Stenka continued the old general's thought.

"In this room at least we are safe," he smiled. "And yet, a doubt may be felt even there. I suggest, gentlemen, that we test the matter."

"Good. In what way? An excellent caution," several voices spoke.

"YOU are all my friends," Von Stenka resumed, "and known to me for years. Yet this man is cunning. It would require little effort for him to have become aware of my plan. Listening on the telephone, he could have discovered I was summoning certain men. And in this manner he could have anticipated one of the calls. He could, for instance, have murdered my good friend Wilhelm, who sits there smiling at me, and, disguising himself in his place, have joined us and be sitting here listening to me at this moment."

A murmur went up from the group.

"But," the officer addressed as Wilhelm interrupted, "you told us he was a stalwart creature at least twice the size of me."

"My faith in the fellow's genius is such," Von Stenka replied, "that I regard it entirely possible for him to change not only his size, but his face, his sex, his soul and all!"

"I assure you," the speaker laughed, "that I have not been murdered and that I am as much myself as I ever was."

"My plan is," Von Stenka added suddenly, "to interview each of you who are my dear friends and ask of each that he mention something to me which only he and I could possibly know. Some intimate anecdote, some extremely personal reminiscence of no importance whatsoever and yet—it would be a test. Would it not? For instance, three years ago I once remarked to Wilhelm that it was obvious His Excellency Ludendorff was a great mind, because he was individual enough to wear a nightgown instead of pajamas and because he consistently refused to take a cold bath in the morning. Can you tell me, Wilhelm, where I imparted this valuable information to you?"

"Hm, let me see," the officer said. "Yes, I remember, Eitel. We were dining at the Countess von Wendell's house in Baden-Baden at the time. And you whispered it in my ear as his Excellency announced that he preferred old port to Burgundy."

"I am very glad you have not been murdered, Wilhelm," Von Stenka smiled at his friend. "And now you, if you will be so kind, General Hoffman."

The gray haired officer frowned.

"Surely," he began, "no one could suspect I resemble this scoundrel in any way." A chorus of voices interrupted him.

"Come, come, General. It is a good test and a pleasant way to

spend the rest of the night. Some intimate anecdote, if you please, or else we will all be convinced you are lying bathed in your blood!"

The elderly officer smiled reluctantly.

"Very well," he answered, "eleven years ago Eitel and I were guests of the Duke du Montfort at Nice. And I recall one evening being very embarrassed, owing to the fact I had forgotten to put a handkerchief in my pocket. After a great deal of maneuvering I managed surreptitiously to pluck the Duchess' kerchief from her girdle. Eitel observed me and pretended to be very upset over my being a kleptomaniac. Do you recall it, Eitel?"

THE General chuckled and Von Stenka nodded. The spirit of the "test" had caught the others in the room. Their voices rose good humoredly like children's in a classroom demanding their teacher's attention.

"Do you remember the little blonde in München?" cried one.

"Yes, yes, the little blonde! Tell us about her! Our host desired 'intimate and extremely personal' reminiscences."

"Wait!" Von Stenka laughed. "I think it will be more efficient, so to speak, to have me ask the questions. I will, as I did with Wilhelm, mention a casual conversation held with each of you and you will, if you remember, tell me where and when it was."

"Who the devil has such a memory?" the Baron Dortmer exclaimed.

"Exactly," Von Stenka replied, "and therefore we will give each suspect five chances. If I recall five different conversations and the answers are all wrong we will single the suspect out and——"

"Wonderful," the room chorused. "Proceed, Eitel."

Smiling and speaking humorously, Von Stenka launched into the curious interrogation. The scene grew to resemble a high spirited charade party. The wine had precipitated a festive mood. Von Stenka's recollections set the company off into repeated roars of laughter. He confined himself for the most part to nonsensical yet startling scraps of conversation—bon mots and adroit insults he had apparently scattered from one end of the world to the other.

At the end of two hours the "test" had been completed.

"We are all exonerated except our little friend Adolph," cried the Baron.

"Yes, Graudenz. Graudenz," several voices called, "wake the wine skin up and put him on the stand."

The giant Captain had in the midst of the revelry and queryings slid low in his chair and passed out.

"Drunker than a fiddler's accomplice," laughed Wilhelm. "Nevertheless, I insist on a questioning."

Von Stenka approached the flushed-faced and sleeping Captain.

"He has been a bit unnerved by recent events," he smiled. "And I doubt whether he could do himself justice if aroused. However, we will change our technique with Adolph. My friend has, if he is authentic, a curious birthmark on the underside of his left knee. If someone will roll up Adolph's trousers."

Three of the guests sprang forward. The trouser leg rolled up revealed a circular red mark in the place described.

"To our combined healths then," Von Stenka cried, raising a wine bottle. "We are none of us dead or impostors."

Reaching for a wine glass on the table near him, the Count paused abruptly. The glass

Von Stenka felt himself being lifted through the room—a half conscious bundle tucked under the arm of a silent one who was springing nimbly up a stairway.

was empty and a scrap of paper lay inside it. The curious look which passed over his face silenced the company.

"Eh," the General whispered, "what is it?"

Von Stenka's fingers trembled as he held the scrap of paper before him. His eyes sought the faces of his friends in the brightly lighted room.

"No more than a little message from our diabolical Nemesis," he spoke. His voice remained gay behind the pallor of his face. "It is addressed, as usual, to me. Listen."

He read slowly from the paper:

"E. S.—You will not forget the words I said to you in the corridor. You have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

until tomorrow to change your mind and order the pardon for her. I repeat, until tomorrow. If not you will taste something bitter and unforgettable. I sign myself, DR. SEBASTIAN."

"A joke," bellowed the General. The men had risen.

"Yes," several followed the thought, "a jest."

"No," Von Stenka shook his head. "I recognize the writing. No one has ever seen the other notes. Hence forgery is impossible. It is his script. Remember, gentlemen, I am an expert."

"Then—he is in here."

"Watch out!"

"He is in here, or he was," Von Stenka cried. "Please, let us sit down, my friends. It is almost dawn."

THE gayety had stepped from the room. There was left a company of silent and frowning men. They had arranged themselves around a long, heavily carved table. The General had been given his place at the head. Of the group Von Stenka alone seemed to have retained his high spirits.

"As I said to Graudenz several hours back," he smiled during a silence that fell upon their planning, "the thing is farcical. We who a year ago sat like this still planning the conquest of the world are now solemnly engaged in trying to outwit a melodramatic burglar."

"What is the matter with Graudenz?" Baron Dortmer interrupted. "I have never seen him so dead. He drank less than usual."

"It was the wine," mumbled one of the officers. "I tell you I am sleepy myself. And look—at him."

He pointed weakly to the general.

"Asleep," cried Von Stenka.

Five of the men rose unsteadily to their feet.

"Open the windows," one of them muttered. "There was something wrong with the wine."

He staggered forward and sank inertly to the floor. Von Stenka's eyes gleamed as they surveyed the company.

"Karl," he spoke, a sudden quiet in his voice, "are you all right?"

A large-waisted, red-faced colonel, renowned as the silenus of the one time General Staff, raised his head heavily.

"No," he answered thickly, "and I drank but five glasses. There was something in the wine."

"Drugged," whispered Von Stenka.

"Gentlemen," he cried suddenly. Several of the group stirred and raised themselves from their seats. They stood fighting against the paralysis overcoming them.

"Drugged," repeated Baron Dortmer, swaying over the table. "I drank but two glasses. And my head—my head——"

A chill had silenced Von Stenka. The monocle had fallen from his eye. He stood surveying the ghastly scene—the brightly lighted room, the staggering and inert figures of his friends and bodyguards.

"God in Heaven!" he whispered. "I alone drank nothing."

One by one they were dropping off. The Baron was among the last.

"Save yourself," the Baron murmured, while Von Stenka, shaking him punily, repeated, "Stand up—stand up—walk. We must restore them."

The Baron sank to the floor.

Around the table, sprawled at its feet and flung over its top, lay the fifteen. They were breathing unevenly. Von Stenka's voice grew soft and high pitched as he moved from one to the other, his little hands tugging desperately at their hunched shoulders. In vain he called their names. They lay as motionless as dead.

"Panic!" murmured Von Stenka. "I must be careful now. Or else I will—I will——"

His thought vanished and his little body remained trembling before the horror of the brightly lighted room. The words "he will come soon," made a wild light in his head.

The doors—he would open them. A desperate smile turned his lips as he moved toward them. Useless. They would be closed. The windows, too. Yet he might try.

Mechanically he moved his legs toward the heavy oak doors at the end of the room. His eyes watched frantically from their corners as he moved.

He would come soon.

Yes, locked! And the windows, too! There was no use wasting time or hope on that. But he had his gun. It was still in his pocket. Unless——

His hand leaped wildly to his pocket. God be thanked, it was still there. He withdrew the weapon carefully.

"Whatever he is," he murmured, "a bullet will end him! I will stand against the wall and wait. He will come soon."

His eyes swinging wildly around the horror filled room, he walked toward the wall. An emotion contracted his throat. Before him lay Graudenz—Graudenz, who had never before failed him, whose giant hulk had stood between him and death a score of times.

"Adolph," he whispered. His friend was stirring. A desperate hope shot through his heart. "Adolph."

His eyes frantically alert, the Count leaned over and began shaking the Captain.

"It is I, Eitel!" he cried. "Wake up, Adolph! It is Eitel."

"Yes," a voice answered him. "I know, my friend, Eitel von Stenka."

THE hand of the sleeping Graudenz had reached out with a terrifying abruptness.

"You!" screamed Von Stenka, as the weapon he was holding slipped from his fingers.

His eyes centered with terror as the figure of Adolph Graudenz sprang to its feet. As he watched, an incredible transformation overtook the figure. It appeared to grow shorter. Its features assumed different proportions and relations.

"Yes," the voice continued. "You who have been so ardent an admirer of my acting should feel an overwhelming impulse to break into applause. Come—they will be waking soon."

Von Stenka stared for an instant into the strangely blazing eyes of the man. Graudenz—it was Graudenz! With him while he had planned. For an instant Von Stenka's agile brain traced the plot. The creature had had time to remove the Captain, strip him of his clothes, even daub himself with the telltale birthmark, hide him away, perhaps dead, and take his place on the threshold of the room.

The instant of mental clarity passed and Von Stenka felt himself being lifted through the room—a half conscious bundle tucked under the arm of a silent one who was springing nimbly up a stairway.

"IT would be unwise to summon the police," Colonel Vorbeck objected. "We still have time to hear from him. Eitel is not one to collapse completely, whatever the situation."

The fifteen whom Von Stenka had called to his aid less than twenty-four hours before lounged sullenly and indignantly in the Wilhelmstrasse apartment which the little Count had abandoned for the superior safety of the Reventlow home.

"How the devil this creature managed to drug the wine," Baron Dortmer repeated, "is something I don't understand."

"We were all taken in like a collection of schoolboys," growled one of the older officers. "I blame the whole thing on that dolt of a Graudenz."

"Yes, but what has become of him? It was he who drank the most!" cried Vorbeck, angrily.

Since noon the group had been traveling the treadmill of their indignation, perplexity and curiosity.

"Graudenz began the drinking," murmured the tall blonde officer whom Von Stenka had called Wilhelm. "It was he who knew where Reventlow's bottles were and who started bringing them up."

"But what has become of him, then? He must have been twice as dead to the world as the rest of us when this mysterious creature came."

"God! what a scene," Vorbeck muttered. "Poor Eitel alone with his sleeping bodyguard, and that murderous lunatic walking calmly into the room."

"Yes, but Von Stenka was armed," General Hoffman interrupted; "and, seeing us all drugged, he knew, of course, that this one would enter the room. What would he do then? Eitel is no fool. Did you examine the doors and windows?"

"Bah!" the Baron grunted. "Barred, of course. I doubt if Eitel would have wasted a moment's time in such futility. He would have realized at once that his escape was cut off."

"Yes, and he would have stood with his back to a wall waiting," murmured another of the company. "What in God's name happened, and who of us was this Sebastian?"

Again a silence fell in the room. It was dark outside. The curtains of the windows had been drawn.

"I've become convinced," the Baron muttered, "that the lunatic was in the room with us from the beginning. Karl is right; he was one of us."

"If that is so," Colonel Vorbeck resumed after a pause, "he is still one of us; for we are all here, all who sat with Eitel last night."

"We harass ourselves needlessly and ridiculously," General Hoffman interrupted. "One thing is uppermost at the present—to do nothing until we hear from Von Stenka; to allow no hint of any of this to go beyond us. It is not Von Stenka's life I am thinking of, but something else."

A number of the company nodded.

"Very well, then," the General continued, "we will sit here in Eitel's rooms until something happens. The execution of this woman is scheduled for ten o'clock tomorrow morning. If nothing happens before then, we will allow the execution to be carried out. Our sole duty now is to wait patiently and trust in Eitel."

"My Friends: I write this from the depths of Hell. No man suffers so. I can hold no longer. . . . He leaves my fingers. To die now would be Heaven. He will not kill me. . . . I have no strength left. He is a fiend. I scream. I cannot stand what is to follow. Madness and death would be easy. . . . My body screams with pain. . . . His eyes are two Hells! . . ."

It was Von Stenka who had written, Von Stenka, the little one, who could withstand pain almost as stoically as a woman. But strange things lay beneath the words. They were in the Code of Death! Read in next week's installment of this thrilling story about Von Stenka's battle of wits with the torturer.

Well, WHY NOT?

A Short Love Story of a Girl Who Said "Smile!" and a Young Man Who Found that It Paid

By
WYNDHAM
MARTYN

Pictures by
DE ALTON
VALENTINE

"This is the idea—at six tonight you are to overtake him as he goes to the garage."

BOB STEEVENS walked toward the Blackwell home determined to conduct himself with the easy flippancy of the other young men he would meet there. But some incomprehensible complex of inferiority plucked the courage from him as he rang the bell and faced the maid. Lena's face wore a smile which faded as she recognized Bob. It was clear he was admitted under protest.

"Miss Maynita's playing tennis," she said, acidly, leading him across the hall to the French windows which opened on the large, screened piazza.

Maynita Blackwell and a brother from preparatory school were finishing a furious set on the tennis court. Bob Steevens waited in the background. It was no new place for him. Presently he would look into the eyes of Maynita, the beautiful, the adored, the most exquisite creature ever lowered from the gold bar of Heaven to bring joy to the world.

"O, Maynita!" he whispered, reverently, when his waiting was rewarded. It seemed to him she was worried.

"What's the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"The same old thing," she said, wearily. "Dad wants to see you alone. I'm afraid it's not going to be very pleasant."

Maynita was one of those lovely blondes, straight and slim, who seem frail but are tireless. She aroused the protective instinct in her adorer.

"O, Bob," she sighed, "why do you always make them think the worst of you? You are big and strong and cleverer than any of them, and yet they put it over on you in everything."

"I know," he answered, gloomily. "I feel every combative instinct fade away when Lena opens the door. Mass psychology, I suppose, and I'm not big enough to overcome it. They all look at me as if I didn't belong here, and I'm beginning to think they're right." He stopped suddenly. Mr. Blackwell was advancing. He had played an early round of golf.

"Got a 'birdie' at the ninth," he said cheerily to his daughter. He turned to Bob. "I'd like to see you for a few minutes, alone."

BOB felt the warm pressure of Maynita's fingers on his hand. A moment later he was following Mr. Blackwell to his sanctum.

"You once told me," Mr. Blackwell began, "that you were essentially a self-made man. No doubt they are admirable as a class, but they have one failing. They invariably lay down their tools before they have finished the job. I thought we'd have a little straight talk. My girls have been brought up in the useless modern way. They can't cook; they won't sew. The married ones are happy because they have husbands who can give them the same sort of home this is. As a poor man's wife Maynita would be a dismal failure. God knows why she picked you out when she could have married Harrison, who is second vice president of a New York bank at twenty-eight."

"It's the only bit of luck I ever had," Bob said, simply.

"Maynita has told me you were wonderfully clever and had great prospects, although I never believed in them. I've just been playing a foursome in which my partner was Emory Benchard, your boss. I thought I'd get a line on you through him. He informs me he has never even heard of you."

"That's quite possible. I never come in direct contact with him."

"I regard it as a direct admissi[on] haven't made good. I may as well tel[l]

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not as rich as I'm supposed to be and my health is worse than my family suspects. The war played the devil with the export business, and if I died today there'd hardly be enough to pay my debts. Maynita could have married long ago but for you. What have you to offer? One hundred and fifty a month! That would buy Maynita about ten pairs of shoes. I'm going to appeal to your sense of fair play. Are you giving her a square deal?"

"No," Bob admitted; "but if she's satisfied——"

"How do you know she is? Maynita's loyal. In the beginning she thought you were going to do great things. Now, when she knows you won't, she's afraid of hurting you, and you are presuming on her loyalty."

"If I believed that——," Bob said slowly.

"But you won't," Blackwell declared. "I know your sort. You have all the unpleasant virtues. Think it over. I suppose you'll stay to lunch, as usual?"

"Thank you," Bob Steevens returned; "I will."

MAYNITA was waiting for him in the hall. "We'll ditch lunch," she said. "I've had some sandwiches cut. We'll go where I can talk uninterrupted."

As he climbed into the runabout Maynita's father had given her for winning the state tennis championship, Bob was conscious that Blackwell had justification for what he said. The car cost more than Bob made in a year. On Maynita's slender feet were shoes of which his month's salary would buy about ten pairs. What madness was it which had led him to believe she was for him?

"Now," Maynita began when she had made the ascent of Lookout Mountain and the luncheon was spread daintily before him, "I know exactly the line Dad took. He said you weren't playing the game squarely and that without luxuries I could not thrive. That part of it is true, Bobsie. I've been brought up to expect heaps of unnecessary things, without which I couldn't get along."

Bob sighed as he said, "My dear, we've made a great mistake. Your father was right."

Maynita looked at him in a way he did not understand. It was an appraising look, as though she were weighing his qualities. Vaguely it disturbed him.

"The trouble is," she said, "that I want luxury and I want you. Bobsie, you've simply got to make money and demonstrate prosperity. Don't protest you can't. Of course you can do it. When you look at me you have the loveliest smile, but when you look at strangers you frown and look like a detective on the screen. You repel people. The family calls you my pet grouch. Dad is the most popular man at the club because he's always smiling and making people think they are welcome. Tom Harrison's the same way, and you know what a success he is. I've thought this over very carefully. You've got to make good if we are ever to be happy. It's quite simple. Have you seen how Tom enters?"

"Yes," Bob replied, with a slight show of temper. "He stands at the door as if he was on the stage with the lights right on him. Then he holds out his fool hands and grins like an imbecile, and your family falls for it."

To imitate Tom Harrison was a most distasteful prospect, yet Maynita seemed to wish . Bob could see, in fancy, the amazement of e Blackwells and their friends if he came them with teeth-flashing insincerity.

n't propose you should try it on us," nita, to his relief. "If you did there'd be a riot. It isn't so much whether you like the idea but whether you like me well enough to try it out."

"Maynita," he said, "I'll do anything, but will it be any use?"

"Not if you begin with doubt in your mind. This is the idea. Your Mr. Benchard has fixed habits. He leaves the club at six every Sunday and walks down to the Central Garage, where his car has been cleaned while he played. After that he dines with his sister in South Ashfield and then goes home to Short Hills at ten. At six tonight you are to overtake him as he goes to the garage. You will look so debonair and handsome that he will be flattered when you speak to him."

"Flattered?" Bob gasped. "You don't know Emory Benchard!"

"You will ask him what sort of a round he had. That's a sure fire opening for a man who plays as he does. Dad says that in talking of golf he is an impractical idealist with a fair dash of the liar. He'll think he knows you."

"When he learns I'm only one of his draftsmen he'll drop dead."

"You are going to play on his snobbishness. You will say that Mr. Blackwell, the president and one of the club's best golfers, told you at lunch he was improving markedly. Naturally Mr. Benchard, who is an eighteen handicap man, will be flattered. Remember, Bobsie, he isn't a famous engineer at the club. He's an agriculturist. When you have established friendly relations let him know who you are."

"That's when I run for the ambulance," Bob commented.

"When he resurrects, tell him in an airy way with a touch of manly pride in it that you are engaged to Mr. Blackwell's daughter. Having let him into your secret, pass on with a kindly smile. He'll never forget you. You will be more than an aspiring draftsman. Eventually you may be his partner."

Bob fidgeted a little. Benchard was at once the pride and terror of his office. Capable of great generosities, he was also intolerant and forgetful. It was this man of genius Maynita held easy of approach.

"Suppose he doesn't want me to talk to him?"

"Make your opportunity. If he shies off golf, say 'I hear we have the Susquehanna award.' He'll wonder two things: First, how you know what is at present a secret; and, secondly, why you include yourself in it. You can truthfully assert that you got it from Mr. Blackwell. He told dad at lunch. Above all, keep on smiling and demonstrating prosperity. Be undaunted."

Bob Steevens found himself laughing at the idea of patronizing his celebrated boss in this casual and flippant manner.

"That's the smile," Maynita cried.

"That wasn't a smile," he told her; "that was a grin."

"Then grin and let others bear it. You looked simply wonderful. It's all a matter of

terms. You call it a grin and I call it a smile. Grin at Mr. Benchard. Grin at policemen, tired old women, homeless dogs—everybody. They say a smile is a key to opportunity. If you can't look cheerful for my sake, why keep up the pretense of loving me?"

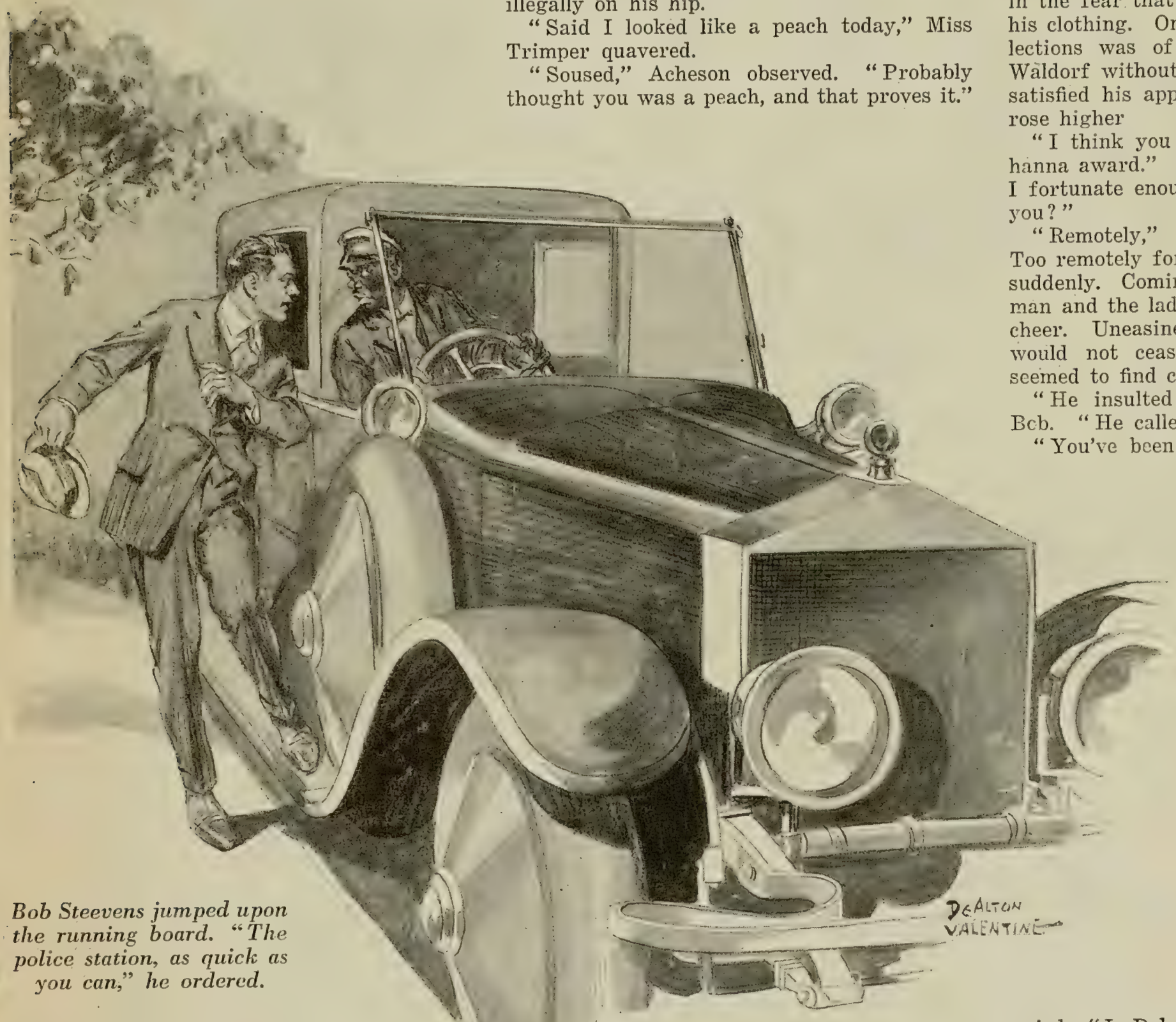
Bob was silent for a little while. His eyes seemed glued to the distant golf links whereon Emory Benchard plowed his homeward way.

"All right," he declared, "I am now known as Pollyanna, the merriest of the Grinfirst Twins. Tomorrow I may be looking for a new job."

BOB walked from the Blackwell home filled with admiration at Maynita's wisdom. No longer did the smiling theory seem absurd. Already it was becoming less painful. The more he smiled the easier it would become. Eventually he would be popular. Bob thought of those men in Benchard's employ who were marked for advancement. Smilers, every one of them. He walked down Laurel Avenue as Maynita had directed. Coming from the club along Elm Grove, Benchard would meet him, if all went well, a few blocks from the garage.

By the library a policeman was waiting. Bob remembered that Maynita had specially mentioned the value of smiling at policemen. She cultivated it to avoid arrest for traffic infringement, but the principle was sound. The officer upon whom Bob made his experiment was a heavy, rawboned man recently

reprimanded for sampling the contents of raided automobiles. Officer Acheson was at war with the world. Unfortunately Bob did not know it. Bob saw, as he supposed, a tired policeman who could probably be restored to optimism by a kindly smile. Bob prepared one. Acheson looked at it and frowned. This was some wise guy who knew of the reprimand and was taunting him with it.



Bob Steevens jumped upon the running board. "The police station, as quick as you can," he ordered.

"Wot the hell is he giving me the laugh for?" Acheson thought. Aloud he snapped, "What's funny about me?"

Bob walked on a trifle downcast. He must have miscalculated the force of his expression. Perhaps he had overdone it. A few yards ahead was another of the types to which he had been bidden to smile. She was a thin woman of middle age, shabby and soured. Bob's smile was intended to convey friendly sympathy. Again it fell on barren ground.

Miss Trimper knew that at last she was looking on a masher, the sort of man sensational papers gave space to, a low type which should be removed. This was an unprincipled loafer who smirked at her thinking she would be gratified by his leers. Years of man's total neglect had given birth in Miss Trimper's mind to a deep hatred of them all.

"Peach of a day," Bob murmured, and passed by her.

Evidently his signals were mixed, for Miss Trimper, so far from responding, glared at him savagely. She was muttering things he sensed as unfriendly. Miss Trimper scurried off to the policeman who had observed the encounter. Her agitation was marked.

"A masher," she cried. "He tried to make a date with me!"

One glance at Miss Trimper dispelled the masher theory. Like a flash it came to him that the stranger was under the influence of liquor. No doubt synthetic comfort rested illegally on his hip.

"Said I looked like a peach today," Miss Trimper quavered.

"Soused," Acheson observed. "Probably thought you was a peach, and that proves it."

Acheson moved in Bob's direction. Miss Trimper was at his side. This was her hour and she was going to make the most of it.

Where Laurel Avenue meets Elm Grove, Bob beheld the approaching Benchard. The Susquehanna Bridge occupied Benchard's thoughts. Something new and daring in construction. Benchard smiled sadly as he thought of other bridges. Suddenly he perceived he was being addressed by a young man with so radiant a smile that Benchard began to think of those unexpected pieces of misfortune which make ingenuous strangers borrow money. Benchard had no idea of the nervousness behind that brilliant smile or the sudden, paralyzing loss of memory which had seized on its wearer.

"Yes?" Mr. Benchard queried.

"So you are an impractical idealist where golf is concerned," Bob began, "with a big dash of the liar." He knew he was lost.

Benchard resented undue familiarity even from fellow members. No doubt this imperti-

nent young man had watched his game and made mock of it.

"I should have said," Bob floundered on, "that we have the Susquehanna award."

He was conscious that his smile had left him. Without it utter defeat would be his portion. He turned it on again with such dazzling radiance that Mr. Benchard was confused. Benchard forgot his astonishment that the award should be known to a stranger in the fear that something was wrong about his clothing. One of his most dreadful recollections was of attending a dinner at the Waldorf without a dress tie. When he was satisfied his apparel was in order his anger rose higher

"I think you said 'we' have the Susquehanna award." His manner was cold. "Am I fortunate enough to owe it in any part to you?"

"Remotely," said Bob. "Very remotely. Too remotely for you to see it." He stopped suddenly. Coming toward him was the policeman and the lady whose life he had hoped to cheer. Uneasiness settled upon him, but he would not cease to smile. Miss Trimper seemed to find comfort in Mr. Benchard.

"He insulted me," she said pointing to Bob. "He called me a peach."

"You've been lapping up bootleg," Officer Acheson snapped. "Has he been annoying you, too?" he asked the engineer.

"He merely stopped to remark I was a damned liar," cried the outraged Benchard. "I agree with you that he must have been drinking."

In the moment of trial Bob did not blame Maynita. Her theory was sound. His practice was at fault. Three hostile faces stared at him. What a moment to introduce himself to Emory Benchard! The Ashfield lockup awaited him. Miss Trimper continued to talk volubly.

"His face was like a devil when he said it," she cried. "In Delaware, where I was raised, they flog his kind."

Mr. Benchard paid her small attention. He was feverishly searching his pockets.

"I've been robbed of forty dollars," he cried. "I won it in a foursome this morning. Now I see why this man came and jostled me. He's a pickpocket."

Acheson pulled handcuffs from his hip pocket. Bob realized arrest was imminent. He would be dragged through Ashfield's main streets. The Blackwells would know of it. He was lost. Yet his courage did not desert him nor the smile fade. It was this insolent smile which exasperated Officer Acheson. In the quiet of the station house there were means of reducing it to something far different.

"Wait," Bob commanded, waving the handcuffs aside. "My chauffeur will identify me. I am neither drunkard nor pickpocket." A limousine with a colored chauffeur approached slowly and stopped at Bob's signal. Acheson's presence might make disregard of the signal expensive.

Bob Steevens immediately jumped upon the running board.

"The police station, as quick as you

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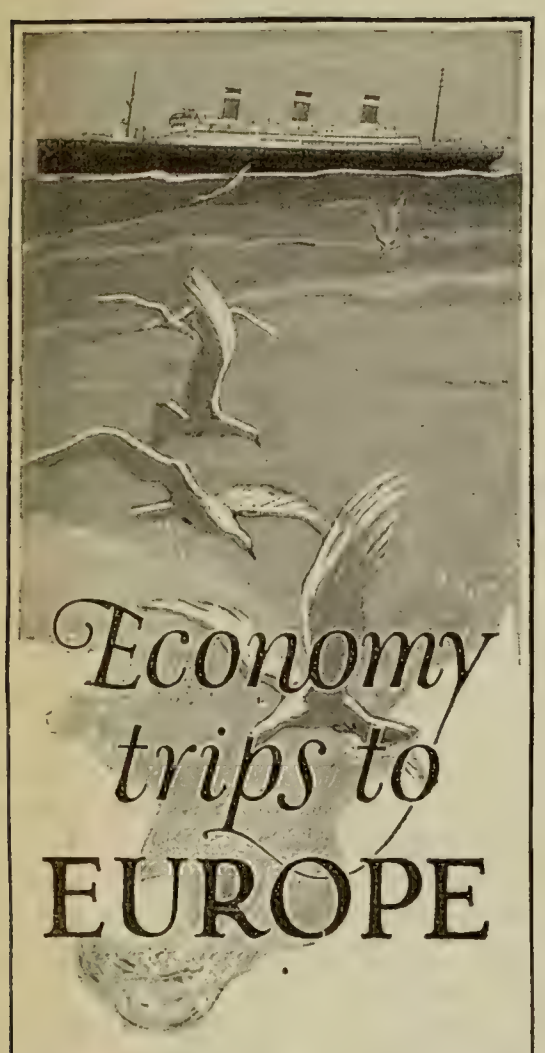

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

he ordered, and made a motion as though to open his coat and expose a badge of authority. The three on the sidewalk gazed at the disappearing limousine with amazement. It was Miss Trimper who was first stirred to wrath. She shook her finger at Acheson.

"You've let him escape!" she cried. "I'll have you broken for this."

"We'll get him," Acheson said, vehemently. "I'll have the depots searched and the ferries covered. I got his license number. We'll nab that bird."

A few minutes later Acheson also got the car and driver. The chauffeur was waiting outside a drug store, thrilled with the knowledge that he had been an actor in a drama of crime. He explained that the detective who had flagged him was even now telephoning to headquarters. Investigation disclosed an exit on another street. The disillusioned chauffeur was taken to the police station and there held until his employer rescued him.

Bob walked rapidly along the road to Short Hills. Safety from arrest depended wholly upon seeing Emory Benchard and explaining everything. Each automobile of the many he saw made him jump into cover. Undoubtedly the police were after him. It was almost ten when he reached the town where Benchard lived. A girl at the drug store where he borrowed a local directory thought him most attractive. He was the confident, smiling sort she liked. A money maker, she supposed, dated up every night for some dance or dinner with rich society girls! Successful. Probably a Wall Street man.

BENCHARD was in a good humor when he reached his charming home. The Susquehanna award struggled with the thirty-four foot putt for supremacy. Then he thought upon the suave stranger who had smiled as he picked a pocket. A modern type of crook, Benchard mused. None of your low-browed thugs whose faces warn more honest men, but a debonair, cordial, well-bred criminal. A curious clinging odor about police stations, he meditated. Thirty-four feet, possibly a trifle more, sloping down hill. A triumphant putt!

Suddenly an unknown voice behind him rang out:

"Reach for the ceiling, and reach damn quick!"

Rage overcame Benchard's discretion. To be held up twice on the same day was too much for his arbitrary disposition. He tried to spring to his feet. The man behind his chair raised a loaded cane and brought it down on the engineer's head. Bleeding and senseless, Benchard pitched forward.

The intruder knelt at Benchard's side and looked at the injury. Perhaps he had rapped a little too hard. The skulls of individuals of the same species varied strangely. Benchard was tied, hand and foot, and pulled into the shadow of the grand piano.

At the Ashfield police station Brannigan, Benchard's assailant, had been much struck by the carelessness with which the bridge builder disposed of his valuables. From a pocket he had taken two golf balls, a diamond ring, and some six hundred dollars. Another hid a gold cigaret case with initials in small emeralds. The Brazilian government had presented it to Mr. Benchard. Brannigan had convinced the chief of police that he was not exceeding the speed limit when Benchard and his party entered and he was released. Since that time Brannigan had followed the engineer unobtrusively.

BOB STEEVENS had seen photographs of the house in an architectural journal. The front door was open a few inches and the hall in darkness. Beyond the hall Bob could see a brilliantly lighted room.

As he gazed toward it a man came from it, framed for a moment in the entrance, and then went stealthily to the curving stairway. There was not enough light for Bob to see the man's face. The first supposition that this was Benchard was dispelled by the furtive actions of the other. What honest visitor would creep upstairs with a bludgeon gripped in his right hand?

A burglar in Benchard's beautiful home! The builder of bridges might be in danger of his life. Bob Steevens went silently into the lighted room. The drawers of a writing table were open, their contents strewn on the floor. A moment later the still figure behind the piano was discovered. It was while he tried to untie the knots that Brannigan, disturbed by unexpected noises, came back to the room.

Brannigan was a dozen years older than the man who faced him, but wise in the knowledge which comes to those who live by violence.

"You've killed him!" Bob cried.

"He was in the way," Brannigan retorted, advancing a step. "You're in the way." He raised his weapon.

Brannigan was stopped by the brilliance of the stranger's smile. What unexpected advantage, he wondered uneasily, had the unknown that he could afford to appear at ease at a time like this?

"Just a minute," said Bob, pleasantly. "I've dropped my lucky quarter and I've got to find it."

BRANNIGAN was standing on one end of an almost priceless Lahore pile carpet three feet wide and a dozen in length. At the other end knelt the unusual stranger. Brannigan poised himself for the spring. As he did so the searcher for coin tugged at his end of the carpet with all his great strength. Brannigan went backward, the cane flying from his hand. As he was getting up half stunned, and maddened by rage, the affable stranger in gray swung at him. The blow caught him flush on the jaw. Brannigan joined the bridge builder in his study of the unconscious. When a Boy Scout, Bob had been noted as a knot expert, so it was easy for him to gag and bind Brannigan securely.

Bob carried Benchard to a settee and then picked up the telephone. It was dumb. As a careful workman, Brannigan had cut the wires. At the foot of the stairs Bob shouted for help. The tired Japanese servant gave no answer and Bob returned to the task of resuscitating the unconscious man.

Very suddenly Emory Benchard found himself in possession of his faculties. His head ached and he felt weak and shaken. He was gazing into the face of the young man who had called him a liar, departed with his forty dollars, and ultimately tried to kill him.

"There's a certain pertinacity about you!" said Benchard. "Having robbed me of my winnings and knocked me out—what next?"

Benchard wondered what the stranger was doing. Then he saw he was dragging what seemed a corpse toward him.

"This is the man who knocked you out," said Bob. "He tried to get me, too. I think he has cut the telephone wires. I tried to get a doctor."

"I don't need one. I need the police." He saw that the stranger frowned. "You don't seem to like the idea of the police?"

"I don't," Bob confessed. "It was about the police I came. You've set them on to an innocent man, and I want you to withdraw the charge. I did not pick your pocket."

"You ran away, though."

"I know. I lost my head."

"And I lost forty dollars. If you are an innocent man cruelly misjudged, what is your name and where do you live?"

"My name is Robert Griswold Steevens."

"It means nothing to me. My memory for names is notoriously bad."

"I work in your drafting room."

Benchard was still confused. Thinking was not as easy as usual. Almost at his feet was an evil faced man making violent efforts to bite his way to profanity through a gag. Opposite him was a man of higher type who, if his story were true, was Benchard's rescuer. Benchard remembered the mention of the Susquehanna award.

"You are not by any chance the bright young man who had the

audacity to suggest my mathematics were at fault with respect to some minor problems of equilibrium? No, I remember, that was McComb."

"It was I," said Bob, "but I took it up with McComb as head of the department. He said he'd bring it to your notice."

"McComb did," Benchard said grimly, "but made no mention of you. Let us get to our facts. You came jauntily up to me and said I was an infamous golfer who habitually lied about my scores Why? Why?"

"I came here to tell you the whole story, sir," said Bob. "Perhaps this is not the time. I wish you would let me run for a doctor."

"Giving you the opportunity to escape and leaving me with this archaic type nibbling at his own necktie. Let him hear it, too."

"I'll be damned if I do," said Bob with spirit. He covered Mr. Brannigan with the Lahore carpet and pulled him under the piano.

"It's this way," he began. To him it seemed a contemptible and humiliating talk ending in failure. Its effect on Benchard was astonishing. The eminent engineer burst into peals of laughter.

"A man with his skull fractured and the gray matter exposed to view," he said, "should not yield himself to this passion of merriment, but I cannot help it. I remember all about you now. You were the high honor man of your year at the Tech. I was at Yale with your father and meant to do great things for his son, but I forgot. You should have thrust yourself on my notice. Your Maynita is quite right. In comparison with her, you are a brainless fool. I want to ask you a few questions about yourself. The police and their victim can wait."

AT dinner that night Maynita said little. Her thoughts were far away. There was dancing later, but she would take no part in it.

At ten o'clock Dr. Stanford came in. He had been one of the losers in the morning's historic foursome.

"Someone stopped to speak to Benchard as he was leaving the club," Stanford began, "a stranger who called him a rotten golfer. When he'd gone Benchard swore he had been robbed of forty dollars. The man jumped into Hugh Storrs' limousine and escaped. Benchard went to the police and there's a warrant out for him. Ferries and terminals are being watched."

"I hope they get him," said Blackwell.

"Have they caught him yet?" Maynita demanded. She knew that they were talking about her Bob. By what accident he had become accused she could not guess. It was difficult to hide her excitement.

"Probably," said the physician; "and the worst part of it is he's innocent." Stanford drew two twenty dollar bills from his pocket. "Benchard was wearing a sweater and his trousers pockets were full of old golf balls as usual, so he asked me to give the money to him in the locker room. There was a hurry telephone call for me and I forgot. He was so busy gassing about that flukey putt that he probably thought no more about it. Then, when this fellow jostled him, Benchard felt in his pockets to see if everything was safe and supposed he'd stolen it."

"He was a crook probably," Blackwell commented.

"And if he is innocent he may be disgraced for life," Maynita broke in. "Ruined just because two stupid men, who ought to know better, forgot."

STANFORD flushed a little. Blackwell frowned at the girl.

"The reason I came," said Stanford, "was to ask you to get Benchard on the phone and explain. I tried several times, but there was no answer. He's probably out somewhere. I tried to get the chief of police, but he's on a moonshine raid. The charge has got to be withdrawn whether the man ran away or not. I'm due at a case now that may keep me all night."

"We'll drive over to Short Hills, at once," said Maynita.

"I'm tired," her father grumbled. "Try the telephone first."

"It's dead," she announced later. "Be a sport, dad. Come along."

Against his will, Blackwell went to repair Stanford's error. The whole thing seemed quixotic and unnecessary. Blackwell found his daughter's speed as excessive as her sympathy for strangers. There was something on her mind and he wondered what it was. She was not usually so silent.

The Blackwells entered much as Bob Steevens had done. On a settee Emory Benchard was sitting, his head bandaged—Boy Scout training harnessed to the needs of the moment—conversing earnestly with his rescuer.

"Ah," said Benchard, smiling at the unannounced visitors, "I think you know Mr. Steevens."

"Of whom you had never heard this morning," Blackwell retorted. He was convinced now that Maynita knew more than she had told him.

"Your fault entirely. You asked me, as I was about to approach the fourth green, whether I knew a Bob Steevens. If you had said Robert Griswold Steevens, with two 'e's,' I should have said he was one of my most valued assistants. Bob Stevens, with one 'e,' might be anyone."

"Mr. Benchard," Maynita began, eagerly, "Dr. Stanford forgot to give you that forty dollars, therefore it could not have been stolen, and you must let the police know at once of your almost criminal mistake."

"Blackwell," said the engineer, "you have a loyal and clever daughter."

BLACKWELL grunted. "I have one who does the most unusual things." He looked sourly at Steevens. There was something odd about him. He wore an air of transcendant happiness, a consciousness of urbane superiority. "I should like to know why Steevens is here, why your head is bandaged, and if he is the man whom you accused."

"He is," said Benchard. "I shall be glad to tell you how much ashamed I am at having accused a man who has since saved my life."

"That's a remarkable story," said Blackwell. He was struggling with a new sense of admiration for Bob. "I think I might be more convinced if this remarkable thug had not escaped *before* you came to."

"I wanted you to raise that point," replied Benchard. "I have always had a love for the dramatic. Bob, my dear boy, produce 'Exhibit A.'"

Blackwell looked into the vicious face of Brannigan, who had at last chewed his way to freedom of speech. It seemed Brannigan resented any imputation that another could have succeeded as he had.

"You make me tired," said Brannigan. "That big mutt with the grin ain't got the guts for my work."

"He knocked you out!" Maynita cried.

"He pulled a new trick on me or I'd a cracked his skull like it was an egg. Let him stand up to me with his fists here and now."

"You're on," said Bob Steevens, promptly.

"No more excitement tonight," Benchard commanded. "He doesn't want to fight. He wants to get away. Roll him back under the piano, Bob, and then let Maynita drive you down to the police. Your future father-in-law will stay." Benchard turned to Blackwell. "This boy here is going to be heard from or I'm as bad an engineer as I am a golfer."

Mr. Blackwell experienced a change of heart. Robert Griswold Steevens as the protégé of the famous Benchard was far from being ineligible. Blackwell could afford to be generous.

"I never saw a more remarkable putt," he conceded, graciously. "Thirty feet, if it was an inch."

"Thirty-four," Mr. Benchard corrected, firmly.

Outside in the darkened hall Bob took the girl in his arms.

"O, Maynita," he whispered, "it worked!"

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

No Brother Manners for Her!

"Now, Bobby," I heard Marjorie say just before they left for the children's party, "don't you pull any brother manners on me while we are at the party. You act just like I was some strange child what might be goin' to have a party soon and you wanted her to 'vite you."—M. C. R., Boone, Ia.

* * *

A Hint to the Wise

I was cooking orange marmalade, and just as it was finished a little neighbor came in.

He sniffed a bit and then said, "If I had something that smelled as good as that I would give a little boy some of it."—R. G. P., Milwaukee, Wis.

No Good Out of Them!

Archie's deaf aunt was paying them a visit and her affliction greatly impressed him. As he and his little sister were getting ready for bed he remarked: "Isn't it awful to be deaf, Nancy. Just think of having to wash your ears every day and never getting any good out of them at all."—R. E. McC., New York City.

They Turned Into Boys

In a certain family the children consisted of two boys. The younger wished very much for a little sister and concluded his prayer each evening with the petition: "Please send us a baby." One evening he added: "You sent us two, but they both turned into boys."—H. F. W., Duncan, Okla.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 3

Change Their Minds

Jimmy and his little friend were discussing whether or not to go out of doors. "But you said you would," persisted Jimmy. "I know," said his friend, "but I changed my mind."

"Ah, 'course you didn't," replied Jimmy disgustedly, "only womar change their minds."—R. B. B., U bana, Ill.

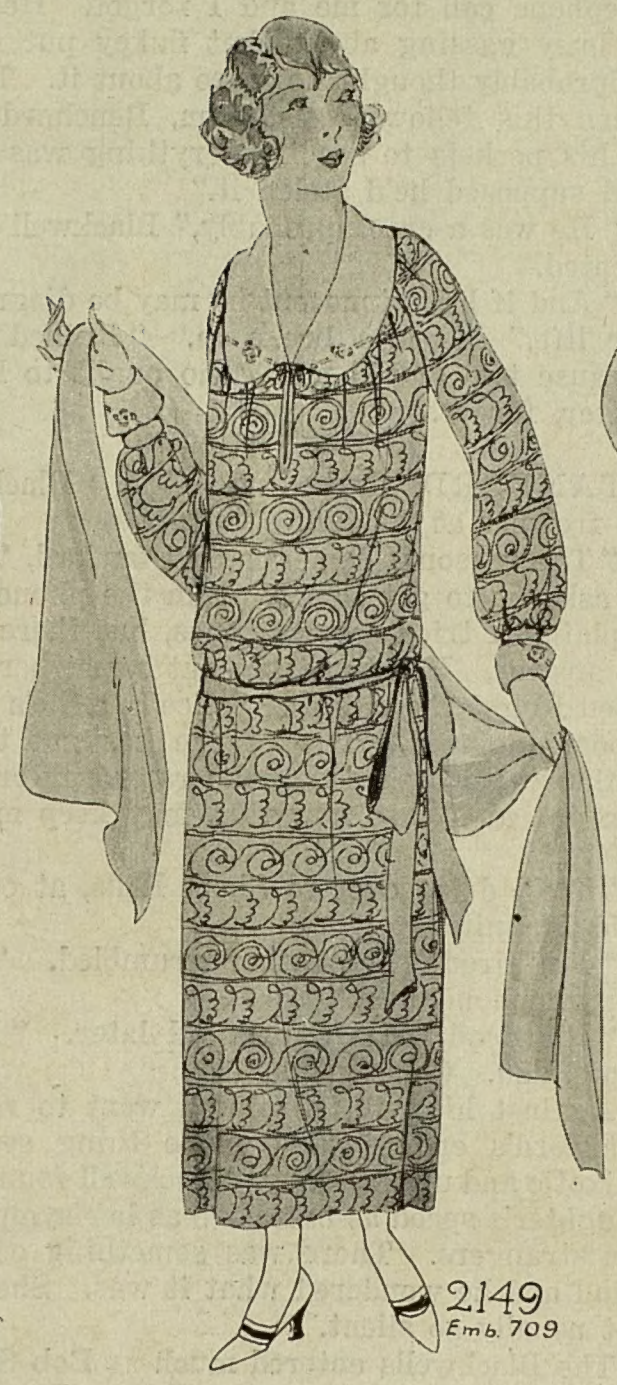
* * *

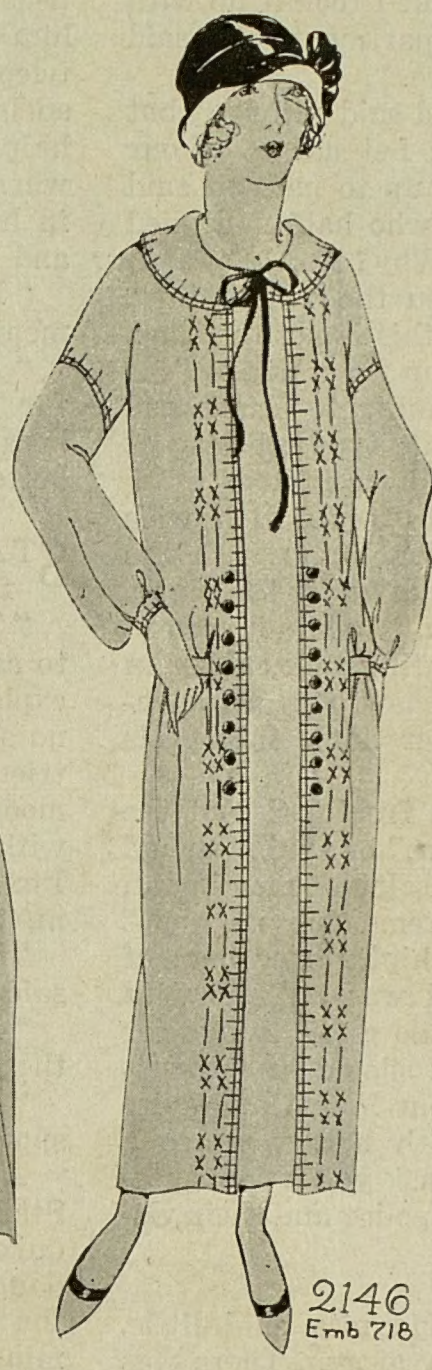
She Did Her Share

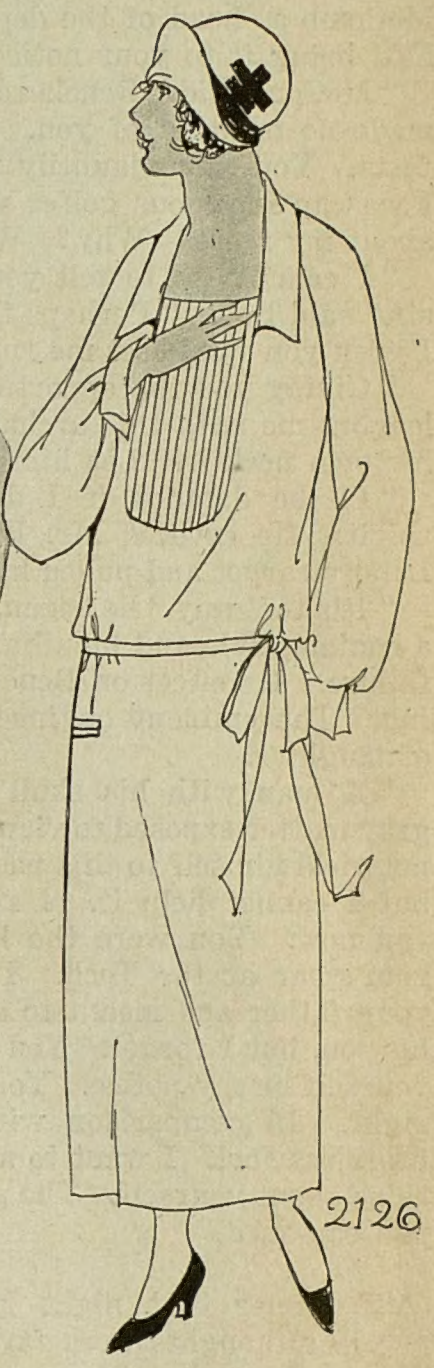
As I was busy and did not wan to be disturbed, I sent my little gir out to play. Not long after this heard her saying to a friend of mine "Come again tomorrow; mother i too busy today to be disturbed."— Mrs. E. J. A., Salt Lake City, Utah

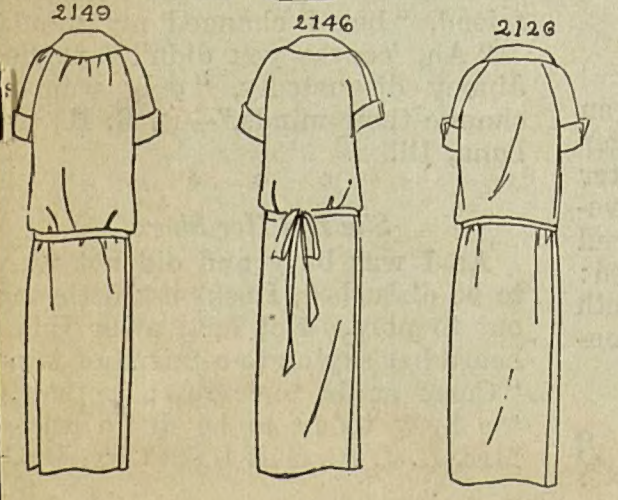
Frocks That Give a Slender Figure

By
PATRICIA









IF you are tall, select clothes that gracefully modulate your height. If you are short, of course, you'll want to look taller. For the woman who is too thin there are graceful curved lines that will distract the eye of the beholder from any angularity. There is always a goodly number anxious to reduce, and, if that's not possible, to disguise their corpulency. Here, too, the correct clothes can be depended upon for the desired effect.

Lines that youthfully slenderize the figure are shown in dress No. 2136. The long sleeves will be liked, since they are slightly flared and gracefully conceal a too prominent hipline. The woman with nicely rounded arms may select the short sleeves, also provided for in the pattern, which comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure.

The raglan sleeves and the slight fullness obtained by gathering in the dress to the collar will be found becoming to the very thin woman or girl. Both long and short sleeves are included in this pattern, No. 2149, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure.

You can obtain the hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 709, which adds a very attractive decorative note and which comes in blue only, by inclosing fifteen cents extra.

For the short figure, inclined to be chubby, design No. 2146 is recommended. It would be nice in wool jersey for business wear. Silk crêpe would, of course, be more dressy. The pattern for No. 2146 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. As shown, made in the 36 inch size, 3½ yards of 40 inch material are required. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 718, comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

The tall woman can wear a dress like No. 2126 exceedingly well. For general wear, all wool jersey, a fine twill, or plain silk crêpe or satin is suggested. The pattern for No. 2126 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Of one material with long sleeves in the 36 inch size, it will require 3⅝ yards of 40 inch material.

Every woman will like apron No. 2051, which cuts in one piece. The pattern for No. 2051 can be had in sizes small, medium, and large. For the medium size, 2 yards of 36 inch material are all that is required.

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CHIC and the THREE R's

by Corinne Lowe

Only the obligation to look her best which rests with her who "says a piece" will call forth the charming frock of red challis or crepe at the left, with its original application of black ciré ribbon. Less formal occasions may be met in the next model, a school dress comprising a plaited navy serge skirt and a checked homespun smock. For the older girl the school frock of blue charmeen with effective tucks is appropriate. Last, a frock of brown charmeen with touch of darker brown embroidery and adorable guimpe and undersleeves of plaited white linen.

A CHILD'S clothes are as dependent upon color as a sunset. Year in and year out types of dress for the girl of from six to ten or twelve years change almost imperceptibly. The short skirt and the long waist—these have for so long dominated the juvenile world that novelty can be obtained only by combinations of fabrics and by colorful trimming treatment.

The applique of gay design; the vivid touch of embroidery pipings; cross-stitch; an alliance of checked with plain material—here are the resources of the mother who wishes to make her Susan look a little different from the small girl next door. This autumn we must go back to the perennial fount of inspiration for our relief from monotony. For the child's frock has undertaken no radical departure from its predecessors.

Only one change has registered, and that one is far from violent. The waistline is slightly elevated. In so far as it goes, we should all greet this deviation as a relief from an effect which was often grotesque. Too often in the past the small girl's skirt has looked like the mere garnishing of a platter of bodice.

Such "back to nature" sentiment about the waistline is indicated in the delightful little school frock at the right, which also has many other features to recommend it. For example, there is the touch of dark brown embroidery which achieves the belt. There are the modish clusters of inverted box-plaits at either side of the skirt. Slot pockets accent the bodice and last comes that charming little guimpe of linen or pique which extends its sphere of influence to plaited undersleeves terminating in a tight wristband.

The fact that this frock is brown is not without significance. Brown is to be one of the leading tones of this autumn for grown-up creations and the small girl is not to be deprived of her just share. She is to receive also her own dividends of the green emphasized for adult modes.

This frock is for the girl of from six to ten. The next model of blue charmeen is for her between eight and twelve. This latter creation indicates how thoroughly plaits have got mixed up with the "Three R's." When, indeed, the designer does not seek sanctuary from monotony in color, he flies to the asylum of plaits. Mixing our figures a trifle, we might say that he introduces the multiplication tables of tucks into the lower grades. Certainly in this model he shows you that two times six tucks on the front of a frock make —juvenile modishness.

Wool jerseys are much employed for the small girl's frock and of course, the model at the left might be transposed to this fabric. Homespuns are another favored material and testimony to the latter truth is supplied by the next model. Here a blue and gray check smock is worn with a plaited blue serge skirt. The collar and cuffs are of gray linen and the whole is most effective when worn by her of from six to ten.

In commenting on this model one may add that the plaited skirt remains as good as ever.

For more dress-up occasions than the average day comes the model at the extreme left, designed for her of from six to twelve. It may be executed in either flame-color challis or serge. In either case lingers the distinctive treatment of black ciré ribbon and the narrow white organdy collar bound with black.

THE END

AMERICAN families are realizing the importance of having two *or more* bathrooms in the home. Not for the comfort of guests alone, but for the everyday convenience and smooth running of the household.

Even when there are only three or four persons in the family, each morning presents a situation where an extra bathroom saves time and tempers, brings everyone to breakfast promptly and starts the day right for all.

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Where room is limited, there are Crane fixtures designed to economize space yet provide real convenience. Lavatories may be had as small as 16½ x 16½ inches, or as spacious as 27 x 52 inches, over all. The "Tarnia" bathtub, shown below, is supplied in three sizes: 5, 5½ and 6 feet in length. Other Crane baths range from 4 to 6 feet.

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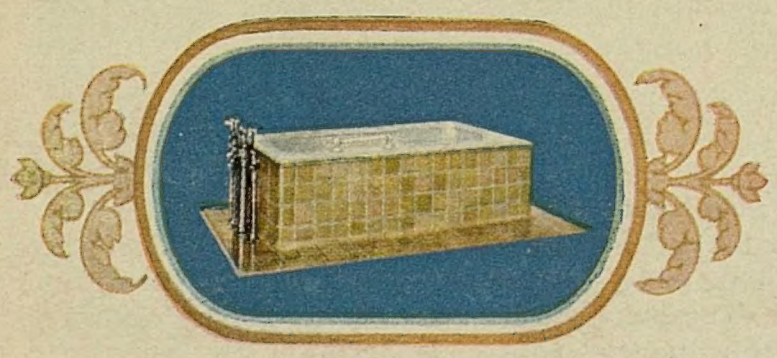

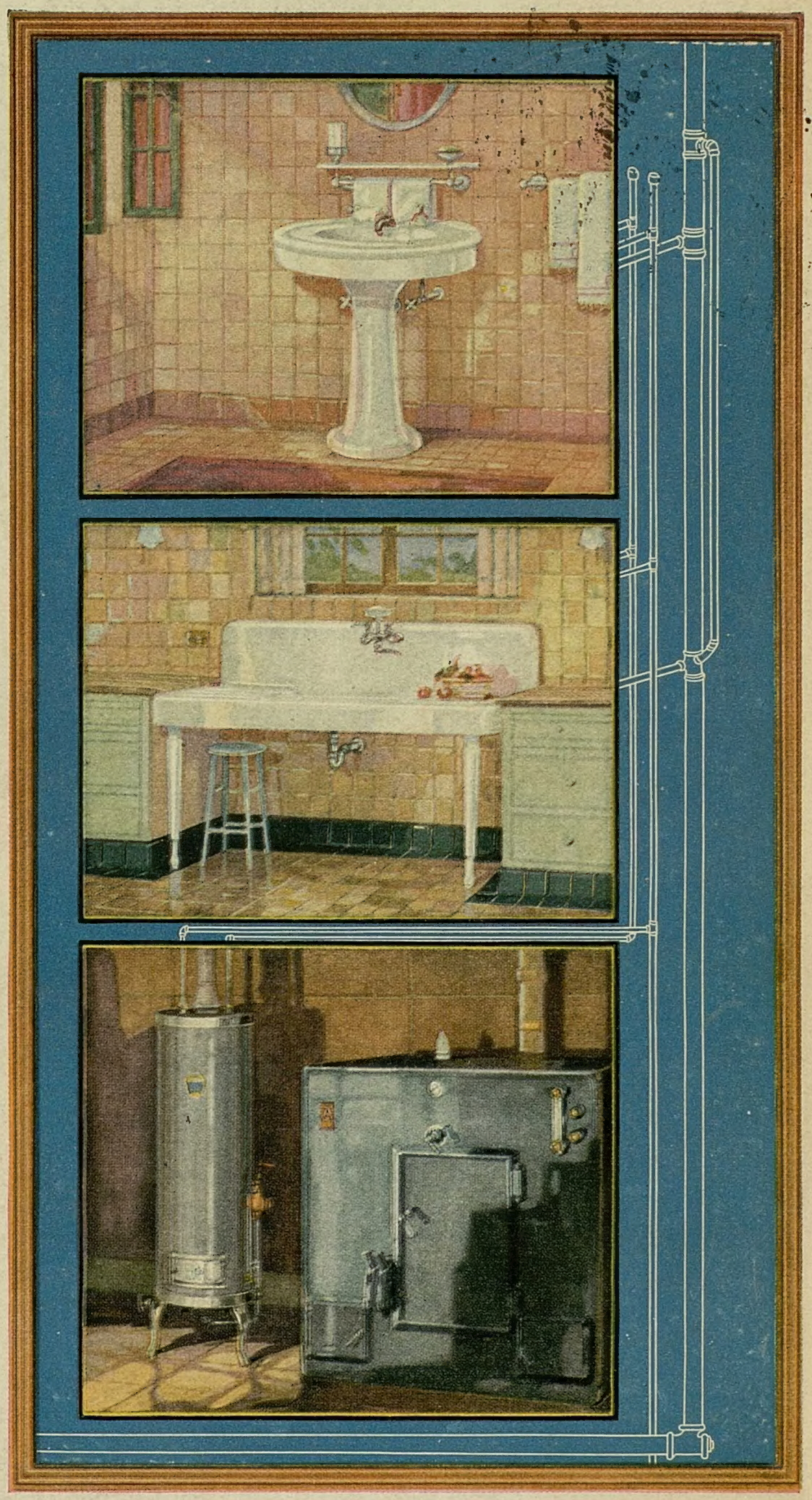

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